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CAPITAL AND LABOR are mere words for too many of us. College students meet them in their textbooks; occasionally an enterprising instructor takes a class to see a factory in operation; but it is a rare student who knows their problems as only those can who cease to be mere spectators and join the actors. Brookwood Labor College represents one venture toward cooperation between the manual worker and the intellectual; it aims to give the most useful part of a college education to men and women who come out of the labor movement and expect to return to it. Antioch College seeks to keep its students in touch with life by alternating six-week periods of factory work with six-week periods in the classrooms. But such student-workers are inevitably recognized in their factories as something alien, and the significance of the organized labor movement is hardly recognized in the Antioch plan. An increasing number of students have sought in their vacations or on leaving college to win an understanding of the human problems of industry by entering mills and mines as individuals, without letting either employer or fellow-worker know that they bear the brand of a college education. Some who have tried such direct experience of the labor movement have come out of it disappointed and disillusioned; others have found a new meaning in life. It is to encourage such experiments in facing the realities of industrial America that *The Nation* has determined to offer three prizes to college students utilizing their summer vacations in this broader education. An announcement will be found on the back cover of this issue.

GENERAL MITCHELL'S DEMOTION from his position as assistant air chief as a result of his insistence that the air services should be unified and made dominant in the defense plans of the country was not unexpected and has not in the least affected that officer's fighting spirit. Granted that he is provocative; granted that he has gone beyond the bounds of agitation usually set for army officers, we are still of the opinion that the right inclines to his side and that he is but another in the long list of army and navy officers who have advanced the cause of progress at considerable cost to themselves. There is Admiral Sims, for instance, who was once severely rebuked for taking into the press the question of the navy's marksmanship; and Theodore Roosevelt's insubordination in formulating a round robin to the War Department after the battle of Santiago will not have been forgotten. General Mitchell is strongly supported from two British sources. Lord Thomson, Air Minister in the MacDonald Cabinet, has fought for a unified service on the precise lines laid down by General Mitchell for this country; and in the new British naval estimates prepared by the Tories complete precedence has been given to the air appropriations. While we should like to see all airships outlawed for war purposes, we are ready to wager that within ten years most of the stuffy admirals and generals now opposing General Mitchell will be asserting that he is quite right and that they were really always on his side. The failure of the anti-aircraft gun tests at Hampton Roads points the way to what is coming.

ARE INCOME TAXES LEVIED to provide the government with revenue or to punish individuals who have fallen under official disfavor? And again, when the aid of the government is asked and given in fixing an income-tax valuation, can such an estimate be subsequently repudiated? Both these questions are raised by the demand of the Bureau of Internal Revenue that Senator Couzens of Michigan pay nearly $11,000,000 more in income taxes than he paid when he and other minority stockholders sold their motor interests to Henry Ford in 1919. In view of the charges made recently by the Couzens committee that the Treasury Department had deprived the country of millions of dollars in income taxes through favoritism to various large companies, the sudden demand upon the Michigan Senator looks like retaliation of the most barefaced sort. The information on which the Treasury acted had lain in its files undisturbed for two years; moreover, the Department has had to reverse itself in order to find grounds for proceeding against Senator Couzens. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue in 1919, Daniel C. Roper, himself placed the valuation on Senator Couzens's holdings, and taxes were paid on that valuation. Now Commissioner Blair declares that valuation was too low and demands

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more taxes. It looks like a high-handed holdup and we are glad that Mr. Couzens refuses to part with his wallet.

AMBASSADOR HOUGHTON came home on his way from Berlin to his new post in London; and when the ship-news reporters met him in the harbor he talked of life in Germany with a frankness and directness that was refreshingly undiplomatic. The Foch legends of a Germany secretly arming he called "absurd." "These stories of secret stores of arms used to be brought to the Embassy in Berlin every morning before breakfast," he said. "Some crazy person might have a hundred guns hidden in his attic—that is all." Mr. Houghton reported rising wages and a remarkable decline in unemployment; the Dawes Plan, he said, was helping Germany to more rapid recuperation than anyone had thought possible. "Germany never again will be a great military power," he added, and talk of an aggressive military alliance between Germany and Russia he called nonsense; but he was sure that Germany would soon be as great an economic power as before the war. We are grateful that there is one American official brave enough to tell the truth about the latest Allied lies.

GERMANY HAS ANNOUNCED that she is ready to join the League on three conditions: (1) That she be assured a seat on the Council of the League; (2) that no military duties be required of her; (3) that she be not asked to permit passage across her territory of troops acting for the League. The Council has decided, however, that no special favors may be attached to a German admission. This is not as flat a denial as it appears, for privately the members of the Council express their willingness to give Germany a permanent seat on the Council. The Covenant of the League does, to be sure, require the members to afford passage through their territory to military forces cooperating in behalf of the League. It does not, however, clearly require its members to perform military duties; the Council may, if a nation resorts to war, merely "recommend to the several governments what effective aid it believes they should render." The real difficulty about Germany's entry into the League, as about any mutual security pact which includes Germany, concerns the Polish-German frontier. Sooner or later Germany is bound to make an effort to restore the integrity of her territory by wiping out the Polish corridor which separates East Prussia from the rest of Germany. Now the whole effort of the League as of the Geneva Pact is to maintain peace by insuring the permanency of the frontiers laid down in the Treaty of Versailles. Germany naturally hesitates to bind herself to such a document.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S flat rejection of the Geneva protocol, in behalf of the British Empire, deals a death-blow to that document which many friends of peace are lamenting. We think it will rather help Europe forward in its thinking. We agree heartily with his statement that

> The fresh emphasis laid upon sanctions, new occasions discovered for their employment, and the elaboration of military procedure insensibly suggest the idea that the vital business of the League is not so much to promote friendly cooperation and reasoned harmony in the management of international affairs as to preserve peace by organizing war on the largest scale.

That, as we have repeatedly pointed out, is a danger rooted in the structure of the League, and it comes still more clearly to light in the Geneva Pact. Ramsay MacDonald's initial conception of universal arbitration was overshadowed in the final draft by the French hallucinations about "military security." Mr. Chamberlain was even more backward than the French in his attitude toward arbitration, but he stressed another point which needs emphasis. Economic sanctions, he said, are worthless unless all nations unite in them. He referred to the absence of Germany and the United States; that was an advance on the talk at previous conferences, but he still closed his eyes to the existence of the mighty realm of Russia. European "security pacts" of any sort are either threats or empty gestures unless they include Russia and Germany. The movement to bring Germany into the League marks a long step toward the return to common sense in Europe; but until Russia is counted in, too, the elaborate documents drawn at Geneva might as well be left unpenned.

WHAT IS A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT? According to all the traditions that have developed under a measurably free press he is a man whose job it is to get and publish facts and impressions of contemporary life, especially along lines that appeal to his particular audience. When he is sent to his State capital, the national capital, or the capital of a foreign country, one of his chief functions is to expose stupidities and corruption in government offices. Unlike a diplomat, he is not a friendly link between governments but a nonpartisan critic and relentless analyst of all about him. These statements sound self-evident, yet in the overturn of democratic ideals that has taken place in Italy under Fascism they have been challenged. A Fascist member of the Chamber of Deputies has introduced a measure—apparently with government approval—which would put newspaper correspondents in the same category as ambassadors and ministers. They would have to present satisfactory credentials and be officially acceptable in order to carry on their work. And naturally if they wrote anything displeasing to the Government they would be shipped home at once. If such a theory of journalism becomes general we shall find Mr. Coolidge demanding that all correspondents be banished from Washington except those of friendly Republican newspapers, while in New York City Mayor Hylan will close the City Hall to reporters who jest at his transit policy.

CHILE GETS THE BEST OF IT in the decision which President Coolidge, as arbitrator, has made in regard to the long-standing dispute over the provinces of Tacna and Arica. It could not well be otherwise. The controversy grew out of the war between Chile and Peru in 1879, in which the former country was victorious. Peru had to surrender some of her southern territory outright and Tacna and Arica until 1894, when a plebiscite was to have been held to determine their final disposition. Owing to a controversy in regard to how the plebiscite should be conducted, it was not held in 1894. As the years have gone on the disputed territory has become more and more Chilean in population and sentiment and Peru has become increasingly unwilling to have the question of sovereignty determined by popular vote in the region concerned. Hence the question has remained unsettled, a perpetual danger to peace in South America. Chile was probably chiefly to

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blame for the war of 1879, looking covetously upon the rich nitrate of soda deposits in southern Peru. But there are few national boundaries which have not been laid in chicanery or blood, and President Coolidge could not in this day do otherwise than rule that the people of Tacna and Arica must be allowed to settle their national destiny for themselves by popular vote. News from Peru indicates great dissatisfaction there, but honor and common sense demand that the verdict be accepted and a controversy of almost fifty years ended.

RATIFICATION OF THE TREATY confirming the title of Cuba to the Isle of Pines is a belated act of justice which does the Coolidge Administration credit. This little sand island, rich in citrus fruits, has been a source of contention for more than twenty years; the treaty just ratified was drawn in 1904. A handful of American landowners—some of them misled, when they bought land, by overzealous American officials—have been able to prevent successive sessions of the Senate from ratifying a treaty which ought to have been a mere matter of routine. There was ambiguity in the original documents, which accounts for the legalistic scruples which led Senator Borah to vote against the treaty. But the fundamental issue was clear; and Latin America has been disturbed by the continued failure of the Senate to make it plain that the United States was not behind the wild flag-wavers who have threatened revolution if Uncle Sam did not claim the island. Every Administration from Roosevelt's down has urged ratification of this treaty; but the Coolidge Administration, largely at Mr. Hughes's instigation, was the first to put its shoulder to the wheel, and it deserves the credit.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES still stands; the revolution has been crushed, the rebels disarmed, and their leaders jailed; so far no casualties have been reported among the brave defenders of society. For the benefit of those who had not heard of the revolution, we report that it was nipped on Friday, March 13, in the rooms of the Ukrainian Singing Society in New York by Captain Gegan and members of the Bomb Squad. The conspirators were rehearsing for a pageant representing the Paris Commune which was presented two nights later at Madison Square Garden; they were singing revolutionary songs and drilling with real guns which they had hired from a costumer. Still other guns were seized by Gegan's men in the headquarters of the Workers Party on Fourteenth Street; some of these were made of wood. Three of the leading revolutionists were taken to the night court and held by Magistrate Weil in $10,000 bail apiece for violating the law that forbids aliens to possess arms. They are still in the Tombs, unable to give bail; the pageant had to take place without them. Thus was the revolution quelled. But Captain Gegan should not rest in the pursuance of his duty; he has cleaned out this particular nest of Russian conspirators, but others flourish undisturbed. Drilled to a horrid precision, armed and uniformed and Russian to the core, a squad of wooden soldiers still arrogantly struts the boards of the Chauve Souris revue. Where are Captain Gegan and his faithful men?

THE SPECTACLE of Mr. Heywood Broun conducting vigorous and repeated assaults upon the editorial policy of his own paper has been adding considerably to the gaiety of the newspaper world; but according to the *New Yorker* the result of these attacks will be the termination of Mr. Broun's contract at the close of the present theatrical season unless some new agreement is reached. It has been the admirable policy of the *World* to permit a generous measure of freedom to its staff in the expression of individual opinion, and the appearance in a recent issue of *The Nation* of a dissenting article by Mr. Cain was a notable illustration of this policy. Those in authority evidently believe, however, that "there are limits," and that Mr. Broun, by attacking the *World's* "clean theater" campaign, day after day, exceeded them. We consider it a great pity and feel that it is too bad that the *World* could not make up its mind to bear with Mr. Broun for the sake of consistency to an admirable principle if for no other reason. It is a weakness of many moderate liberals that they have a tendency to fail at the crucial moment. Apparently the *World* disbelieves in censorship but—wants some plays closed by law; it believes in freedom of opinion for its staff but—wants Mr. Broun to discuss other subjects. Unfortunately, the practical effect of the liberal with a "but" is often the same as that of a frank conservative.

THE LIFE OF SUN YAT-SEN has been closely bound into the life of republican China. The fight against the Manchus centered about Sun; he was "Provisional President" of the first revolutionary republican government in 1911. From then until his death he followed a course, sometimes erratic and spectacular, in the direction of peace and democracy in China. His influence may not always have made for orderly and steady development; his judgment has often been faulty. But he has been a loved leader and has exhibited qualities too rare in public life in China: personal honesty and a passionate sympathy with the workers. His influence has undoubtedly kept alive a spirit of freedom and liberalism and he has worked steadily for friendly relations with Russia and Japan.

WALTER CAMP'S DEATH removes a man who has had an excellent influence upon American athletics for nearly forty years. In the development of our modern football game he played a leading part; for years his word as to the conduct of contests and his selection of the best players were gospel. He was the pioneer and dean of the football writers whose name is now legion. Football men the country over waited with bated breath for his post-season choice of an All-American eleven; to have a place upon that seemed to some a higher honor than to win their "letters." But his "daily dozen" carried Mr. Camp's fame to new fields. Whereas football is the sport of comparatively few, the daily dozen brought aid to the middle-aged American approaching the danger-line as to figure and health from lack of exercise. That the man who taught this gospel to hundreds of thousands, if not millions, by means of the written word, the phonograph, the movie, and the radio should himself have died prematurely of heart failure is not without its touch of irony. It ought to bring home to many of his disciples the necessity of periodic physical overhauling in order that the first symptoms of an ailment may be discovered. If everyone could be induced to submit to these examinations we should see further development of preventive medical science and probably a marked decrease in deaths due to cancer, heart disease, and acute indigestion.

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# The Deflation of Dawes and Coolidge

THE deflation of the new Administration is under way with amazing suddenness. Not in years has a President received such a rebuke as the Senate administered to Mr. Coolidge when it twice rejected the nomination of Charles B. Warren for Attorney General. One must go back to the crisis of 1868 for a precedent. Indeed, only six times in the history of the government has the Senate interfered with the practice of permitting the President to name his own Cabinet advisers. To appreciate fully the significance of the act one must also recall the fact that Mr. Coolidge has just been reinducted into the Presidency with all the prestige of his seven-million popular majority, that his inaugural was in considerable part a demand for absolute party regularity and loyalty, that his party had just ousted the Republican Representatives and Senators who voted for La Follette, and that the papers have been full of assurances that the new Senate would loyally support the President in all his aims. It is no wonder that a press service reports that when the news of the first rejection of Mr. Warren was received "the White House was stunned."

And so should be Senator Curtis, the Administration floor leader, and the inimitable "Charley" Dawes. On March 1 the New York *Times* solemnly printed a first-page dispatch which declared that Mr. Dawes had created so fine an impression that already Washington was talking of him as the probable successor of Mr. Coolidge. Today he is the laughing-stock of the capital. As a wit put it, "the minute man of Chicago was two minutes late"; and those two minutes cost his President dearly. Had the all-knowing Mr. Dawes been on his job Mr. Warren would today be Attorney General. The Vice-President, who began his career by solemnly lecturing the Senate as to its failure to carry on its tasks well, was himself caught neglecting his job within a week of taking office. Today the bubble is pricked; the gas is out of the balloon; Mr. Dawes is definitely deflated; not even a *Times* correspondent would today suggest that he could be considered for any other job.

With the President the situation is different. There the deflation process has only just begun. We have no doubt that in the country at large many people will feel that the Senate has vented a grudge and interfered with the President's prerogatives. They will doubtless see in it only a getting even with him for the disciplining of the Progressive Senators. No honest man who is free from party thralls could take this position after reading Senator Reed's speech just before the vote and the correspondence of Messrs. Warren and Havemeyer which Senator Walsh read into the record at the same time. These two Senators won votes by their demonstration of the gross impropriety of nominating this former agent of the Sugar Trust for a position involving possible official relations with that trust or its parts. Any President so blind to the fitness of things, to the proprieties, would deserve the rebuke Mr. Coolidge received. But Mr. Coolidge either is intellectually incapable of understanding a point like this or he is allowing himself to be ridden to his hurt by the business interests who own the Republican Party, body and breeches.

As we go to press a grave constitutional conflict has been avoided by the President's wisely appointing John G. Sargent as Attorney General. Like Senator Borah, we cannot believe that the authors of the Constitution intended, when they wrote that the Senate should give its "advice and consent" to every presidential nomination, that it should assent without the slightest exercise of its own judgment as to the fitness of the nominee; that would make the entire proceeding a farce and the Senate a mere rubber stamp. Senatorial courtesy has gone far in the past in letting the Presidents have their own way, but there was bound to arise a case where the Senate would cry halt.

But this is not the only blunder Mr. Coolidge and his advisers have made. The attack upon Senator Couzens by the Treasury Department, with its cool demand for $11,000,000 in back income taxes just when he was exposing the colossal favoritism of the Treasury in its administration of the tax, was just a little bit too brazen; its first effect was to make a good insurgent out of the victim of this blackmailing process. Mr. Coolidge is stupid enough to think that he can govern by punishment. Senator Wheeler has been indicted as his punishment for driving Daugherty out of the Cabinet. Mr. David J. Lewis of the Tariff Commission has been dropped as his punishment for refusing to bind himself in advance as to what he would or would not do in his office if reappointed. The Progressive Congressmen are punished, too. Well, the net result of this government by punishment is that the new Senate, instead of eating meekly out of his hand, is showing as much insurgency as the old Congress. Senators Norbeck and MacMaster have broken loose as well as Norris, Borah, Johnson, and Couzens. This new insurgent group will hold the balance of power next winter, as it was held last winter by Mr. La Follette and his associates. More than that, the appetite for independence comes with the eating. Senator Borah knew whereof he spoke when he said that the Republican bosses had better look out because the West was not going to be less but more radical.

This pitiful fumbling fortifies us in a belief that we have steadily held, that while big business has a mightier grip on our government and on us all than ever before, it has chosen inadequate instruments to do its will. Hanna, Quay, Penrose, Lodge, Spooner—those were able men. You might despise their machine tactics, you could not doubt their ability. It is a tremendous drop to Coolidge, Dawes, "Jim" Watson, and Curtis of Kansas. Most of the ability of the Senate lies in the insurgent forces and among the Democrats. Where among the regulars there are able men like Senators Pepper and Reed of Pennsylvania they are injuring their prestige by meekly accepting orders in a matter like the nomination of Warren. Even from Wall Street there already come murmurs of dissatisfaction with the President as well as chagrin that his inaugural was so coldly received and that the Washington crowds failed to applaud him. They are vexed because the Muscle Shoals grab was defeated and the Cape Cod Canal unloading failed to come off. They are angry because that admirable press exponent of their financial ideas, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, was defeated for the Interstate Commerce Commission; and these things almost offset their happiness in seeing Senator "Jim" Watson, friend and ally of the railroads, put at the head of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce. They are disappointed that Mr. Coolidge did not head off

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the inquiry into the so-called "power trust," that he advocated the "socialistic" rent bill for the District of Columbia and so incurred a "needless defeat"; that he is so slow in making over to his will the trade and tariff commissions, that he has appointed so weak a man as Mr. Kellogg as Secretary of State.

If we should have another dull and stagnant summer Mr. Coolidge will have to look out for more squalls. It is our opinion that he will show himself for the inefficient skipper he is—that the deflation process has begun. There are problems before the government which call for giants to solve them.

# Japan—Enemy or Friend?

THERE is always an "enemy," and there is always talk and danger of war. If the military men are permitted indefinitely to plan and plot and talk war with a particular nation in mind as the hypothetical "enemy," they may easily end by convincing the country that that nation really is an "enemy," and the war which began as a hypothetical exercise in military strategy will become an inevitability. Unless—unless the country ponders what the military men and jingoes are saying, and disarms its mind in time.

Talk of war does not necessarily make war. The military men are always talking war with somebody; it is their business to talk war. They have talked war with England off and on for a century; they have plotted a dozen invasions of Mexico in the last decade, just as they are now working out possible stages of a war with Japan, executing naval maneuvers in the Pacific, mapping every step in a war that need never come. The American people were tricked into war with Spain in 1898, although Cuba would have had her independence without it; they were led insensibly into fighting the Filipinos as an aftermath of that war; they were dragged into the European war in 1917 largely by falsehoods, but they have at other times effectively expressed their will for peace and put an end to unnecessary alarms. It is a tribute to their ardent belief in peace that they succeeded in resisting the enormous pressure brought to drive them into large-scale war with Mexico in 1913-16. And *The Nation* believes that if the American people is awake to the meaning of the constant talk of war with Japan, that war will be avoided.

Military men planned the Great War in Europe and talked of it so steadily for so many years that finally even peace-loving people began to believe it inevitable. The talk of the war-makers is as insidious as the work of raindrops —the effect of each individual jingo speech or of each raindrop is slight, but cumulatively they make wars and wear down valleys. Peace-lovers can never be enough on their guard. When the war-makers talk war, the others must talk peace, and analyze war—point out the meaning of the "inevitable war" which these men preach so lightly, and make the people so aware of the frivolousness of the sources of friction that when a moment of passion comes they will be steeled against it.

It is to that purpose that this Japanese issue of *The Nation* is dedicated. We are not interested in pretty stories of cherry blossoms and lovely Buddhist temples, but we should like to help make Americans aware of the essential humanness of Japan—as of all the other picturesque far-away nations—a nation of people very much like ourselves, with militarists and imperialists in positions of power and a liberal movement struggling for expression, with labor and capital in bitter conflict—as in Pittsburgh and Glasgow and St. Etienne and the Ruhr. We should like to help the American people to understand the subtle propaganda which is poisoning their minds and building up here a conviction of inevitable hostility. Americans are too little aware of the forces at work, as Miss Beard's article in this issue shows. We should like the American people to realize in time that if war with Japan ever comes it will not come as a result of our immigration laws, or of our love of the Filipinos or even of the Chinese, but as a by-product of a sordid scramble for the major share of the profits to be made out of exploiting China. Fair slogans will be coined when the time comes; we shall be asked to make Asia safe for democracy—but traders, profiteers, and concessionnaires alone will profit. Let us see these things now, while it is still possible to stare facts in the face, and we shall be cool to the hot emotion of the hour of crisis.

Japan is already so Westernized that one forgets that a century ago she was a closed nation. It is easy for an Englishman or an American, with centuries of struggle for political democracy behind him, to belittle Japan's progress, forgetting that Japan has tried to catch up with the West in seventy-five years. It is not beyond reason to say that within a lifetime Japan may become one of the great strongholds of liberal ideas. A universal manhood suffrage bill was recently passed there. Instead of a franchise based upon property qualifications, every male citizen thirty years old—except those with no fixed residence, paupers, and such as have served prison terms—will be able to vote. Henceforth 19,000,000 men will be eligible to vote instead of 3,000,000. A bill for woman suffrage is reported to have the support of 132 members of the Diet—more than supported woman suffrage in our Congress twenty years ago. And while the labor movement still bears shackles unusual in the West the workers are strong and self-conscious enough to organize powerful demonstrations when a new sedition bill is threatened. In the universities what the Japanese police call "dangerous ideas" are seething. *The Nation* printed on July 11, 1923, an account of the remarkable student demonstrations at Waseda University. This year 300 students at Tokio University have protested against the proposal to force military training upon them.

Japan may become the bridge between East and West —or it may lead a great revolt of the East against exploitation by the West. Soviet Russia might be glad enough to join in such a program; Germany might see in it a possibility of release from her chains. Today we ostracize Japan and regard her uniformly with suspicion; England is building at Singapore and we are playing war games in the Pacific—thereby strengthening the hand of the militarists in Japan and rendering doubly difficult the slow task of the liberals. If, instead of drifting along in such fatal policies, we shape our minds for the preservation of an historic friendship we may remake the future of the Pacific. Japan offers us a convincing test of whether we really meant our catchword—the war to end war.

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# May Soldiers Express Opinions?

IN commenting on the case of Paxton Hibben we have said that an officer in the Reserve Corps ought to insist upon unqualified freedom to express his views. Such a person is not actually a soldier at all. He merely holds himself in readiness to become such in case of need, and in the meanwhile should not be expected to sacrifice any of the rights of a civilian. No such blanket freedom, perhaps, can be expected in the active military service. But privates need not be limited more strictly than the civil-service employees, who are generally debarred from criticizing their superior officers or the administration of which they form a part and are not supposed to take an active hand in party politics. Other than this—unless we propose to limit the army to automatons without capacity to think or desire to spread their ideas—there is no sound reason for restricting a soldier's expression, and it is especially obnoxious to deny him free speech in regard to certain great fundamental concepts of politics and economics that are stirring the peoples of the world so greatly in our day.

A case in point has arisen in Hawaii, where the Honolulu *Advertiser* published an absurd article derogatory to the Soviet Government, including the statement that Trotzky had banished *War Minister Kremlin!* Three soldiers in Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, sent letters to the editor, one of which we print:

> In this morning's paper I noticed an article of yours that I would like to question.
>
> What We Have Escaped is a purely malicious attack on a government that seems to be little known about. Can you print the statements of Emma Goldman as unquestioned truth if you know her history? .... Perhaps you did not know the truth about her activities. If you didn't, you should gain a more complete knowledge of facts before you print things such as the article in question.
>
> As for the stories of oppression, imprisonment, brutal murders of innocent persons, and the secret police, no one would believe them if he had a knowledge of the fundamental principles of communism.
>
> Communistic principles do not in the least respect or allow idleness. All must do some sort of work and are given their preference when possible. There is no possibility of one man owning millions and another being destitute. There is no possibility of the government going mad with slaughter since the government is the people (the working people) and their wishes are carried out.
>
> Does it strike you as logical that a people would allow the murder of innocent persons when it is they themselves who have it within their power to see justice? If so, your logic is inconceivable to me.
>
> Think it over and then in the future be sure that you have the full facts of the case before you present such illogical bunk. WALTER M. TRUMBULL

In this letter there is no criticism of the army. It is simply a discussion of broad philosophic principles. If a soldier may not express himself on such questions, he has no freedom of utterance whatever. And yet not only were Mr. Trumbull and the two other letter-writers clapped into the guardhouse to await court martial but six other soldiers, supposedly sympathetic, were treated likewise.

We have no word yet of the outcome of the trial, but such happenings are one of the reasons why even in time of peace an army has a dangerous and repressive influence not only upon the minds of its own personnel but upon the thinking of the entire community.

# The Boy Trotzky

A TRUE revolutionist, we believe, has to be born, not made; and a born revolutionist cannot be anything else. The story of Leon Trotzky's youth has just been written by Max Eastman, and in it we find all those amusing, unmistakable intimations of power and rebellion and scorn that reveal a revolutionist.

When he was seven years old Trotzky was his father's secretary—an extraordinary secretary, says his biographer. His father was a prosperous farmer with many workers under him. Trotzky computed the wages of the men—swiftly, exactly, competently. He checked off sums for damages and for days of illness and added the totals. His father haggled over the final amounts with his workers. "You can imagine," says Max Eastman, "his father's emotion when in the midst of one of these disputes his small and perfect secretary stepped in with the announcement that he had computed the amount remaining to the worker, and it was not enough to get along on. He would have to have more. . . . His sympathies were belligerent. His tenderness was rebellious."

And later at school—where he was the most earnest, studious, and yet the most vivid and disturbing child in the class—he executed his first organized revolution. It was to prevent a dull boy named Vakker from being expelled for bad work. Trotzky organized and directed a loud unanimous booing at the retreating back of the French teacher responsible for Vakker's dismissal and then composed an elaborate joint letter of protest to the state educational authorities against this man's outrageous conduct. The leader of this revolution was caught. He was taken to the principal. His accuser pointed a finger at him and said: "The first boy in my class is a Moral Monster!" The principal said to Trotzky's aunt: "Let me tell you that's a bad boy. He has all the boys in the school under his power. That boy is going to be a dangerous member of society. We don't want him here."

The Moral Monster was expelled. But his case was brought up before the faculty council and the decision reversed. He was too brilliant and too charming to lose. He was the pride of the school. He stayed, and studied and lived to satisfy all of his principal's worst forebodings.

Trotzky fought through one more school revolution. He came under a lazy teacher of composition, a man who ordered themes by the score and never corrected them. Trotzky "would labor through forty books gathering material for an essay, and then write the essay not with a pen, but with a sharp flame. . . ." And then he would never hear of it again. He organized to demand that one set of papers be corrected before a next was assigned. The first boy called upon in class feebly voiced this demand. He was ordered out of the room. Trotzky backed him up in a sharp, commanding voice. The first boy who spoke was expelled, but Trotzky "on the ground that he had already been expelled once!—was sentenced to twenty-four hours' solitary confinement." Thereafter the papers were read.

These, then, were the first flights of a great revolutionist. They led Trotzky systematically, undeviatingly to prison, to Siberia, to exile, and finally to a position of terrible power. Perhaps they led him on to his present unhappy retirement. His flaming, arrogant mind could make rules for revolutionists better than it could keep them.

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# War with Japan

## What Shall We Get Out of It?

By CHARLES A. BEARD

THE substance of the controversy with Japan is not immigration; it is China—trade and profits. Although some of the gentlemen who sponsored the Immigration Act of 1924 have kept crying from the housetops that their sole purpose was to "stop the flood of Oriental laborers," everyone conversant with the facts in the case knows very well that no such issue was involved. Since the formation of the Gentlemen's Agreement in 1907 the clamor about "the menace of the Japanese invasion" has had no foundation in fact. By that agreement and the later modifications Japan undertook to cut off the flow of her laborers to the United States. If, as was sometimes claimed, the Government of Japan did not strictly observe its obligations, then there was something vitally wrong with the American consuls who set their seals on the passports issued by Tokio. The agreement itself was evidence that Japan wanted no dispute with the United States over immigration and was willing to meet the American demand for protection against "the Japanese invasion." Moreover Japan was prepared to modify the agreement with a view to making the bar even more rigid. That was not all. Japan expressed a willingness to accept a quota arrangement which would admit only about one hundred and fifty Japanese to the United States annually, or even a smaller number. With us Japanese immigration was not an issue. With Japan the question was merely how to avoid an express discrimination in the letter of the law. Whoever raises the bogy of "the alien invasion" in the discussion of relations with Japan either has ulterior motives or suffers from a lack of knowledge.

From the Montreal *Star*.

The Boy: *Listen! Do you hear them buzzing in there?*

No, the substance of the controversy is not immigration. Neither is it a genuine fear on the part of informed American citizens that Japan is preparing for a war of revenge or aggression against the United States. No person at all conversant with the weight of men, money, metals, and economic endurance involved in such a war believes for a moment that Japan can cross the Pacific Ocean, assail our Western coast, and—to use the language of hysterics—seize all the territory as far east as Denver. The most pessimistic view of the case is that if war arose Japan would snap up the Philippines, and that it would take considerable effort on our part to restore them to the position of liberty which they now so happily enjoy under American sovereignty. A sensible view of the matter takes note of the disparity of forces. Japan proper has about fifty-eight million people; the United States has twice that number. Japan is at present almost entirely dependent upon other countries for iron and steel and for most of the great engines of war such as airplanes, gyroscopes, and motor trucks. The United States has unlimited supplies of iron and steel at home and commands all the technical instrumentalities for the destruction of life and property. Japan is a poor country, measured in dollars and cents; the United States is the richest nation on earth and could finance a war a hundred years after Japan fell flat in bankruptcy. The keystone of Japanese foreign trade is silk; the United States is the chief customer. War would destroy that trade and bring the structure of Japanese domestic economy down in ruins. The Japanese people are brave and fearless. They can fight. But modern wars are not wars of bare hands. They are wars of technology and political economy. It is difficult to believe that any intelligent American army or naval officer actually in his heart regards Japan as a menace to America or thinks that Japan is preparing for a war on us or desires such a conflict.

No, the substance of the controversy is not immigration. It is not a genuine conviction that Japan is planning an aggressive war on the United States. It is China—trade and profits. There are of course minor elements. There are war-scare mongers who make profits out of congressional appropriations for munitions and armor plate. There are capitalists, land speculators, and merchants on the Western coast who honestly think that they did not get their fair share of the profits of the last war or that they do not now receive their due proportion out of the annual pork barrel for harbor improvements and coast defenses. There are labor-politicians in some communities who flourish on anti-Japanese agitation. There are restless navy officers who enjoy fishing in troubled waters and are eager to see the "untoward incident" precipitated—on account of the fun, the glory, the excitement, the honors, the decorations, and the promotions. Some of them are doubtless wondering just how the matter can be started with a show of propriety. There are also some brave souls who still think that another world conflict would strengthen national and Christian virtues—the two being one and the same thing. All these, however, could be easily held in check by a President and a State Department really bent on peace with honor.

But the substance of the controversy with Japan is not immigration, nor fear of Japanese aggression, nor the promotion of Christian virtues with bayonets, bombs, and gases; it is China—trade and profits. This has been the substance of the matter for many long years. We know from Russian diplomatic papers now exposed to public gaze that Philander Knox, when Secretary of State, carried his system of dollar diplomacy into the Far East. Manchuria, Mongolia, the Chinese Eastern Railway, and other spheres of

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economic gain were the objects of his tender solicitude. It was the Washington specter that facilitated the secret union of Russia and Japan just before the collapse of the Czar's regime. Professor Paul Reinsch, in his reminiscences of a diplomat, frankly continued the serial story. He regarded the American legation in Peking as a bureau for the assistance of American merchants and capitalists in China, and he did his best to get the United States committed to a program of driving Japan from the mainland by force of arms if necessary. This same trade and profit motive was at the center of the savage assault on Japan during the dispute over Shantung. High and mighty gentlemen at Washington, who spoke softly about what England, France, and Italy got in the grand distribution of the spoils of victory at Versailles in 1919, were terribly shocked to learn that Japan got a bit of plunder also. American liberals were likewise horribly shocked and got quite red in the face lashing the distant imperialists. What a strange collection of upstanding citizens joined in the clamor over Shantung—a clamor that almost landed us in a war with Japan over the business! Hard-boiled tories who rejoiced in trampling on the liberties of the Filipinos, the Haitians, the Dominicans, the Nicaraguans, and the other wards of American marines, were visibly pained to see Japan holding a piece of territory belonging to the poor, dear Chinese. The cause was righteous—to those who could see the mote and not the beam.

We were headed for the crisis when Senator Borah forced the calling of the Washington Conference in which Hughes and Harding shone so brilliantly. By firm but gentle pressure England and the United States forced Japan to relax her grip on Shantung—without letting loose of anything themselves. Everything was done with great ceremony and with a fine feeling for the proprieties—and with less noise than would have followed an attempt of Germany and Japan to break the hold of American capitalists on the Philippines. About the same time the Chinese bubble burst. Even the man in the street discovered that the government of Peking was no government at all and had no power outside the walls of the city—and very little inside. It stood revealed as a band of military adventurers recognized by the foreign Powers and sustained by the leavings from the salt and customs duties collected under alien auspices—saving always "the sovereignty and sacred honor of China." American bankers who lent money to the Chinese government without security lost their investments. Japanese imperialists were badly singed. American capitalists who rushed in to gather the prizes promised by the hustling, bustling Department of Commerce got their fingers burned also. In spite of all the puffing and blowing, American business with the sixty million Japanese continued to be about twice the business with the three or four hundred million Chinese. The vocation of loving China and hating Japan lost some of its charm.

For a time, American financiers, having suffered a setback in China, turned their attention to Nippon. Some of the most astute said unto themselves: "Lend money to the Japanese and let them do it in and to China." So money was lent to the Oriental Development Company which operates in Korea, China, and other distant places—sometimes curiously and mysteriously. A big loan was advanced to the Industrial Bank of Japan, which likewise finances various economic activities in the Far East. Another loan, huge in amount, was made to the Imperial Japanese Government on a basis that netted a tidy commission as well as a good rate of interest. Another was made to the Great Electric Company, and still others to minor concerns. All these loans work for peace between Japan and the United States—at least for the present. American financiers do not want the business structure of the Far East shaken by dangerous military adventures.

But the saturation-point is about reached in Japan, and longing eyes still rove restlessly in the direction of Manchuria, Mongolia, Siberia, the China trade, and the waste places of the Far East. If American financiers are content to lend money to the Japanese, American promoters and traffic hunters are thinking of other worlds to conquer.

So "what" we shall get in the great day is fairly clear—at least in the scheme of calculation. Assuming victory as a matter of course, the United States at the close would take Formosa and the neighboring isles, the South Manchurian Railway, and other valuable properties. It would assume "moral responsibility" for Korea, Manchuria, and Mongolia. Doubtless a "commission" of experts and bishops would show that Christian ethics did not require us to follow the example of Japan in the case of Shantung and return Manchuria to China. The outposts of American civilization would be planted along the Chinese Eastern Railway and the basis laid for the penetration of Siberia. Korea would be assimilated to the benevolent administration of the Philippines. The United States would master the trade of China if it took seven times twenty-one demands. This is the substance of the "what."

Of course there would be other things. There would be "cost plus" once more, labor boards, and committees on public information. There would be created a few thousand additional millionaires. The Hon. Charles E. Hughes has soberly said that in view of the precedents already set, constitutional government as we now know it would hardly survive a long war even if victoriously waged. So there would be sedition and espionage acts. Professors would be expelled for expressing doubts about the infallibility of Congress and the President. The jails would be filled with American citizens unable to believe what their consciences forbid. Aliens would be deported by the ship load. The Department of Justice would let loose a million spies to stir up suspicion and hatred.

And who are "we"? According to Mr. Dwight Morrow's analysis of foreign bond distribution in the United States, the number of "us" interested in spreading the benefits of civilization is very large. The advent of the baby bond has multiplied our goodly company. There are some of us on every Main Street. Stock-sharing schemes augment the fraternity of the fortunate. As most of the men drafted for the army and the navy would be farmers and unskilled laborers not useful for the lathe or test tube, a great proportion of "us" would escape the heat of the day. Especially is this true since many thousand Negro boys could be called upon to help carry the white man's burden and hold back the rising tide of color. In the end there would be jobs for deserving Republicans and Democrats in the new dependencies, places for teachers and missionaries. On the whole quite a number of "us" will be delighted with "what" "we" shall get.

But things might not be so simple, eventually if not now. Would England stand idly by and see the United States become mistress of the Pacific and dominant in China? Would Russia always remain powerless under the

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sway of American enterprise? Would it be possible to isolate the burning house? What if the conflagration started on the Yangtze or on the Inland Sea spread to Europe? It is easier to start a war than to stop it or to divine its outcome. Would the spoils and the fun then balance the blood, treasure, frenzy, and hysterics? Who would hold the bonds, gather the profits, reap the dividends? Who would give their lives and pay the taxes? Would the loot be worth the pain? For a little while the sun shines and it is constitutionally permissible to ask these questions.

# The New Labor Movement in Japan

By SHIGEHARU MATSUMOTO

JAPAN became a full-fledged "modern state" after the Chino-Japanese War of 1895. Industrialism was firmly established and had brought about glaring social evils as well as an enormous increase in productivity. The year 1897 saw the beginning of a vigorous agitation by the intellectuals, influenced by "dangerous and radical thoughts" of every type imported from the West. The Association for Organized Labor, the Kingsley Club, the Social-Democratic Party of Japan, and similar bodies were organized only to be dissolved by government order. Revolutionary classics, such as the "Communist Manifesto" and the "Conquest of Bread," were translated—and their circulation promptly prohibited. When the Russo-Japanese War broke out these progressive intellectuals spread anti-war propaganda and had the sentimental satisfaction during the war of seeing Sen Katayama shake hands with Plechanov at Amsterdam. The struggle between the Government and the Socialists of the Left reached its height when the great Socialist trial in 1910 put an end to progressive agitation. This period was, after all, one of agitation by intellectuals among intellectuals and had little connection with any organized movement.

The history of the organized labor movement in Japan began in 1909 when Bunji Suzuki, with fifteen workers, started a friendly society for cooperative enterprise. This was the origin of the Federation of Labor of Japan, which is now the strongest single union with 30,000 members. Unions were organized everywhere and the general prosperity during the Great War contributed to the movement. Strikes numbered three to four hundred a year from 1917 to 1920, among them the strike of the Kawasaki Dockyard Company in 1919, in which over 40,000 workers participated. These strikes were caused by demands not only for higher wages, shorter working hours, and better conditions, but also for the recognition of the right of collective bargaining and for the establishment of shop committees. By 1922 there were 430 labor unions and 200,000 union men and women. This rapid development was due principally to the activities of liberal-minded intellectuals who organized unions, spread liberal and scientific views of social problems, roused interest in the study of the social sciences, and agitated for the freedom of thought and speech. A few veterans in radical leadership, reinforced by groups of young college graduates, carried out this mission so successfully that the public was persuaded of the necessity for social reforms, and the "metaphysical theory of state" which had long been the stronghold of Japanese nationalism gave way to the new "functional theory of state." The significance of their achievements becomes amusingly evident if we compare the year 1910, when a convicted thief hanged himself in prison for being called a "Socialist," with the year 1924, when a professed Socialist was appointed dean of the school of economics at Kioto Imperial University.

The emancipation movement during this period was marked by a tendency to imitate foreign methods and to subordinate practical considerations to the integrity of social doctrines—a tendency characteristic of the beginning of other mass movements in backward countries. With the business depression following the Great War, this method proved to be of small value in the actual improvement of social conditions and a new policy embodying more practical measures was proposed. This change was prompted by other factors, among them the amazing success attained by peasant unions with extremely practical programs and the possibility of universal manhood suffrage in the near future.

Although the history of feudal Japan includes, as one of its phases, the story of peasant riots, an organized peasant movement of a modern type was unknown until 1922 when the Peasants League of Japan was organized. Among unions recently organized, the Peasants League is outstanding. Its membership is large (60,000 families) and rapidly increasing, and its realistic policy has succeeded in reducing the average rent to 55 per cent of crop value.

The making of modern Japan is largely due to the activities of an enlightened bureaucracy. The people never grumbled at their lack of political democracy until about 1912 when they began to recognize the dangers of extreme bureaucratic methods. Professor Yoshino, champion of liberalism, and his colleagues carried on a brisk campaign for the democratic cause, and their temporary goal was reached by the Manhood Suffrage Bill, which passed the present session of the Diet.

Labor leaders agreed in opposing political methods, although for different reasons, and refrained from taking part in the movement for political democracy. However, when manhood suffrage seemed imminent, the problem of organizing a labor party attracted wide attention. A departure from the old policy of anti-parliamentarism was made in the decision of the Federation of Labor of Japan last May, declaring the necessity of the labor movement's availing itself of every means, political as well as economic, for its development. The Society for Political Research was inaugurated last year with the object of preparing the masses for the formation and utilization of a labor party.

The new effort to study our own social conditions and to work out plans of social reform which will meet our own needs, may be taken as an evidence of the passing of the period of foreign imitation and doctrinaire theorizing. The keen interest shown by the people in cooperative movements of various types also indicates a change in the general tendency of our labor movement. Although it must be admitted that the organized labor movement in Japan is still in its infancy—only 5 per cent of 10,000,000 laborers and peasants are organized—it has made a good start.

America's recent exclusion act hurt bitterly our national pride, but we can fairly deny that it has seriously affected the growth of the labor movement of Japan, because that movement is little influenced by sentiment. However, it must be emphasized that the sound development of our labor movement depends absolutely upon the maintenance of international peace.

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# In Defense of the Senate

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

*Washington, March 14*

THERE is no close-season for Congress—there never has been. It would be easy to print citations from the press in every decade of our history bewailing the decay of the legislative branch of the government. But of late years, consonant with the growth of the anti-democratic despotisms in Europe which have followed our war to make the world safe for democracy, and the universal dissatisfaction with parliamentary bodies, the attacks upon Congress have been more than usually virulent and more than usually successful. A year ago powerful newspapers of the country were able, by deliberate disregard of the facts, to discredit the Senate's inquiries into the oil scandals and the maladministration of the Department of Justice. When on top of all this we have Mr. Dawes's shrill abuse of the body he has been chosen to preside over, and the latest conflict between President and Senate, it is surely time to review the situation at Washington.

When, however, we regard Congress as it is today, the first fact that stands out is that, in considerable measure because of its rules limiting debate, the House of Representatives has sunk almost into obscurity. No Washington correspondent goes to its press gallery save on rare occasions; the representatives of the press associations alone attend regularly; its proceedings figure little in the press; it contains only a few men with national reputations. Yet there you have functioning precisely the kind of rules with which it is intended to muzzle the Senate. Debate can be and is limited; a steering committee of the majority outlines the parliamentary procedure, special rules for expediting legislation are easily passed—and, as a result, little important legislation originates in the House and what does is likely to be rewritten in the Senate. Undoubtedly there are still able and honest men in the House, but it is now so organized that it offers few if any inducements for a political career. Whereas a young Englishman may enter Parliament at twenty-one and focus upon himself, if he has the necessary talent and ability, the attention of the entire country, there is no such avenue to distinction through our House. Charles James Fox entered Parliament when not yet twenty years of age; when only twenty-one he was appointed a member of Lord North's Government. When thirty-one years old he was the recognized leader of the Commons, "a consummate master of the art of debate." Gladstone was in Parliament before he was twenty-three and he was a lord of the Treasury before he was twenty-five. The meteoric career of Winston Churchill proves that it is still the case today that a member of Parliament may instantly impress his personality upon his country if he is equipped to do so.

In our House no man today can rise to distinction save by long service, which presupposes a safe constituency and usually blind subservience to the party machine. If defeated in his district he is not permitted to seek election in another; his career is terminated. As for the House affording an opportunity to enter a government, one need only to recall how few of its members have been called into the Cabinet in the last twenty-five years; a President usually chooses his official family from private life. The House's limitation on debate, its system of promotion within committees by seniority, the complete control of its machinery by party engineers have all conspired to check any political insurgency and to produce precisely that party discipline and loyalty without which, so the President and many of the critics of Congress aver, responsible government is impossible. To judge by the plight of the House it would seem as if the choice were between party regularity and legislative inefficiency and mediocrity.

What a change if we cross the Capitol to the Senate! Here we find a press gallery teeming with correspondents, because, as one put it, "you never can tell when something interesting is going to happen." Here you have ninety-six men who really debate; the names of many of them are known where perhaps only one Congressman is remembered. Borah, Reed of Missouri, Smoot, Walsh, Johnson, Wheeler, La Follette, Watson, Shipstead, Pepper, Norris, Wadsworth, Robinson—around these and others centers the attention of the political world—frequently in direct proportion to their independence of party thralls. Here is genuine debating, often too long, it is true; sometimes actuated more by a desire to go on record for home consumption than to make a genuine contribution to the subject under discussion, yet free and genuine debating, more nearly approaching the give-and-take of European parliaments than is to be found in any other American legislative body. If it suffers some in comparison with others, it is at least the best we have. Within the walls of this chamber men do grow in power, influence, and prestige. Here men are actually converted by the arguments of their associates, as happened the other day when the speeches of Senator T. J. Walsh and of Senator Reed of Missouri convinced some of their listeners of the strength of the case against Charles B. Warren. Here are formulated more new policies than anywhere else; here there are some men who are earnestly seeking to serve their country and the truth.

In the Senate are always men of genuine force and ability. How the present membership contrasts with earlier days people must judge for themselves, and the several verdicts will depend a good deal upon what the judges value most. If they stress breeding and courtliness and wealth most they may make out a strong case for the Senate of elder generations. If they speak only of intellectual power they may dwell preferably upon the days of Evarts, of Conkling, of Hoar, of Edmunds, of Allison, of Chandler, of Bayard, of Cullom, of Spooner, of Bacon—to go back no further—but let them beware of the luster which departing years shed upon the alleged giants of other days, and let them not turn to contemporary letters like that of John Hay to Joseph H. Choate in which, after denouncing the "howling lunatics" of the Senate, he bemoaned the fact that Senator "'W' has been divorcing his wife . . . last week, 'X' had delirium tremens, Bacon broke his ribs, Pettigrew had the grippe, and Hale ran off to New York on 'private business,' and the whole Senate stopped work until they got around again. I have never struck a subject so full of psychological interest as the official mind of a Senator."

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Six days later Mr. Hay resigned as Secretary of State because the views of the Senate were "so widely divergent from mine in matters affecting, as I think, the national welfare and honor. . . ."

Every generation seems to belittle or abhor its own Senators. It may well be, however, that the Senate of today has fewer minds of the extraordinary legal ability of Edmunds, Spooner, or Root. The Senate is weak today in men who can take a broad and comprehensive view of foreign affairs—Borah stands out almost by himself, and even he has periods of weakening. Whether these facts altogether constitute a loss and a serious retrogression is another matter. I can conceive of a Senate manned exclusively by blue bloods of the type of the personally pleasant Wadsworth and by brilliant lawyers of the Root type, which would stand apart from the American democracy, and be entirely subservient to our great business interests and faithless to fundamental principles and traditions. Indeed, during the nineties the chief attack upon the Senate was that it was a "rich man's club," that its members were nearly all multimillionaires, or wealthy appointees of State bosses for favors received. Surely many people must recall the outbursts of anger when Mr. Hanna entered the Senate because he was both a boss and a very rich man. The ease with which the wealthy got into the Senate was one of the potent arguments which led to the election of Senators by popular vote. Today we no longer hear this criticism of the Senate, that it harbors only men of wealth; the prevailing indictments read differently.

Personally it seems to me that there is much to be said for the Senate of today. The uncouthness of a man like Senator Magnus Johnson is offset by the fact that he comes from the soil, that he speaks as best he can the sentiments of a very large body of American citizens who ought to have a voice in the Senate. It is a step toward democracy when a man like Henrik Shipstead comes to the Senate. Only snobs hold it against him that he was a dentist, not a lawyer or politician. That he has had much to learn, especially about foreign affairs, is true, but the most brilliant of our Eastern lawyer-Senators have usually been totally ignorant of conditions in West, South, or Southwest, and also usually in need of fundamental teachings in finance and economics. The important thing is that Senator Shipstead is working hard and growing in power; that he speaks for dissenting masses who have every right to be heard in the Senate through their own spokesmen. When it comes to men like Reed of Missouri, Norris, Borah, and Walsh, one wishes that they might be measured in a genuine debating contest with some of the giants of the past. I believe that they would acquit themselves well, with the weight of sincerity and devotion to the public weal clearly on their side.

In justice to the Senate of today it must be pointed out that in the days of Presidents Cleveland, Harrison, and McKinley the task of being a Senator was infinitely lighter than it is today. It was an unusual winter if more than one serious issue requiring deep study came before the Senate. Today there may be twenty or thirty such issues. Senator Norris has devoted two years, to the exclusion of almost everything else, to Muscle Shoals; he has found this necessary to become master of his subject. It is in large part the tireless industry of Senator Borah which has made him the force that he is; he never speaks until he is thoroughly informed. Never before did Senators accomplish so much work. One of the most important recent political developments, one of the few successful methods of coping with the demoralizing possibilities of the growing bureaucracy, is the institution of the Senate investigating committees. It takes able men to root out corruption as the two Montana Senators did last spring. The Republicans who said in the Senate "You accepted Daugherty; why stick at Warren?" paid an unconscious tribute to the work of Senator Wheeler, who exposed the Ohio gang.

There are, of course, loafers and shirks in the Senate as everywhere else, but there is also hard work done, even though the routine demands of the Senatorial office require endless hours. One Senator asserted the other day that he needed six secretaries to keep up with his mail and to have the research work done he needs for his speeches. One secretary alone, he declared, could keep busy answering the requests and the letters received from ex-service men. One of the Pennsylvania Senators is reported to spend his entire salary upon secretarial help in addition to the secretary and clerk supplied by Congress.

It must not be forgotten, too, that many of these Senators could resign and earn large sums of money by returning to the practice of the law. This is particularly true of some of the Southerners like Heflin, Caraway, and Robinson. For those who have families and no private means it has been a struggle to live in official Washington on the salary of $7,500, which has just been raised to $10,000. True, the prestige of the office is great; the power exhilarating; the fascination of "the game" tremendous. But with all due allowance for the weak and ineffective Senators and for those obedient party tools who always vote precisely as they are told by their machine leaders, the average of the Senate is high in comparison to the House, or to the Legislature of the State of New York and of most other States.

No, the more I see of the Senate the more I respect it —even those whose political views I wholly abhor—and my feeling is shared by many of the journalists in Washington. The Senate is the one place where they get hope and encouragement, where they can learn, where there is some color, some life, some vigor, some truth-telling, some hope of substantial achievement and much independence. They say frankly that if the Senate is reduced to the rank of the House they would wish to quit their jobs. They know, if "Charley" Dawes in his pitiful ineffectiveness does not, that under Rule 22 of the Senate, on motion of sixteen Senators and by a two-thirds vote, debate can be shut off. They so value the open debate of the Senate that they would unanimously vote against Dawes if the alternative were restricted talking and control by a little group of insiders—as used to be the case in the days of the "giants," before the rise of insurgency. They believed that if the House rules were to be clamped on the Senate it, too, would sink to the zero point.

In its attitude in the Warren case the Senate stands squarely on its constitutional rights. Nothing, in my judgment, has honored the Senate more than its display of independence in this matter. To see Borah, Johnson, Norris, MacMaster (just elected as a Republican), and Norbeck refusing to obey the crack of the President's whip is to make one wish to throw up one's hat and give three hearty cheers. No matter if the main line-up in the Warren case is political, the refusal of even a few to bow down to the power of party and Presidential patronage is something to thank one's stars for.

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# Prologue to 1928

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE prologue to the Presidential struggle of 1928 is now being written and performed. It consists of the maneuvers rapidly going forward within the Democratic Party for the attainment of party harmony.

One of these maneuvers is led by Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York, who has issued a summons to all leading Democrats to repair to a national party drill-ground and there to practice saluting and right-and-left-turning in unison.

There is a story to the effect that during the war a new amateur officer studied up the drill from his book and then issued his first command as follows: "Right or left turn, as the case may be."

Many Democrats are willing to turn right or turn left, as the case may be, but they do not yet know what the case is. Therefore national conferences for Democrats are needed.

Mr. Roosevelt's proposed conference has elicited some instances of extremely modernistic harmonization among Democrats. For instance, there is Mr. George Fort Milton, publisher and editor of the Chattanooga *News* and sometime and erstwhile publicity manager for the Presidential aspirations of William Gibbs McAdoo. Second to none as a publicity manager, Mr. Milton is also second to none as an editorial writer on themes and notes in the Democratic harmonic scale. Mr. Milton informs his readers and also informs this writer that Mr. Roosevelt's summoning of a national Democratic conference is a case of "unlimited gall." He intimates that progressive and virtuous Democrats will by no means attend any conference summoned by a "Tammany leader" and flying the "black flag of Tammany Hall." He says that he loves harmony but that he can see nothing to be gained by harmonizing with a "rattlesnake."

This loving response by a typical McAdoo Southern Democrat to endearing overtures from New York will give Mr. Roosevelt an instructive motif to use in the orchestration of his Democratic National Sonata in A or G major or minor, as the case may be.

For Democratic harmony, however, one orchestra is not enough. There must be, and will be, at least two orchestras. Anti-Tammany, anti-wet, anti-boss, anti-reactionary Jeffersonian Jacksonian Wilsonian Democrats will hold a conference in Kansas City. This is a sincere and pure conference and is totally different from the one called by the tainted Mr. Roosevelt.

No taint of Tammany or of any such thing will be on this conference in Kansas City. It is even thought that this conference, though held in the State of Missouri, which is represented in the United States Senate by one of the most conspicuous of Democratic Senators, viz., Mr. James A. Reed, will not include any friends of Mr. James A. Reed. This conference is a conference of the good, the right, and the true. In the arranging of it much activity has been displayed by that most knowing and engaging political person Mr. M. L. Fox of New Mexico, who used to be secretary of Mr. McAdoo's Presidential campaign committee.

Mr. Fox statistically proves that there is just no chance at all for the Democratic Party in the region north of the Mason and Dixon line and east of the Mississippi River except possibly within the confines of the State of Ohio. Mr. Fox is for a Democratic Party controlled by the South and the West. In a Southern-Western alliance, and only in a Southern-Western alliance, he sees a new Democratic dawn of vengeance and victory.

Meanwhile there are individual performers like Mr. William L. O'Connell, distinguished Democrat of Chicago, who supported Mr. McAdoo and who is at outs to that extent with the so-called and alleged "Democratic Eastern bosses" but who is not likely to be present at the conference in Kansas City. Democrats like Mr. O'Connell are thought to believe that the Democratic Party, before summoning large orchestras, should go in for a few little chamber-music performances by just a few leading players until some really efficient composite tune can be discovered and written out on a score which the orchestras can then effectively learn and noisily render.

However, the orchestras have been summoned and will presumably meet. The chamber-music meetings will nevertheless also presumably happen. The orchestras will present a modernistic ensemble of steam calliopes, subway-express trains, anvils, and pneumatic riveters. The chamber-music performances will be accomplished with outfits of velvet cushions, padded walls, and locked doors.

There is no doubt really that the Democrats have quite a case against the Republicans. What they now have to do, and what they are now going to try to do, is to discover a case for themselves. They are able, as against the Republicans, to show that recently in Washington there have been quite a few more Republican rascals than Democratic rascals. On the point of personal honesty they can make quite a showing against the Republicans.

The country has indicated, however, that it more or less regards honesty as a luxury toward which it is all right to aspire after a foundation of prosperity has been assured. As has been ably and penetratingly remarked by Mr. O'Connell, "There are idealists in this country, but most people do not want to spend the winter eating snowballs."

Some Democrats may not think so; but the problem of the Democratic Party is to find out how it can put more money into the pockets of the honest working girl and of the grasping farmer and of the fearless artisan and of the early-rising fish-market-man than is now put there by the Republicans.

The Democrats would stop fighting among themselves on religion and rum if they could once agree on a cohesive promising program for giving us more Fords, more phonographs, more savings accounts, and more radio sets.

This writer ventures to prophesy that until the Democrats realize it and until they concentrate, as the Republicans concentrate, on the prosperity issue, they will continue to be rent asunder by such irrelevancies as the difference between a "Western leader" and an "Eastern boss."

Chattanooga *News*, please copy.

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# America, Japan, and Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

*Moscow, January 22*

FOR two years Japan haggled with Russia over the price of recognition and over oil percentages in Sakhalin. Then, one morning in January, 1925, the newspapers of the world announced that Mr. Hughes was determined to return to private practice, and that, as a result, the prospects of a resumption of relations between the United States and the Soviets seemed brighter. Several days later Japan signed a treaty with the bolshevik government. The step had been in preparation for many months. The threat—to Japan it was a threat—of American recognition of Russia merely hastened the final step.

China is the central issue in the Far East. On this question Russia and Japan have been drawing closer together while America has been wandering further away. Time was when the United States favored the "Open Door" and "Hands off China" policy. In that period Japan was high-handed in her treatment of Peking, frankly pursuing imperialistic aims. Consequently, America was the most popular and Nippon the most hated country in China. Two or three years ago, however, the beginnings of a change were noticeable and now the revolution is clear and complete. Our State Department sends angry notes to Peking on the Chinese Eastern Railway and other subjects, and, what is obviously of greater importance, favors and supports military intervention in China. Many Chinese are convinced that the recent civil war, which may yet have the salutary effect of uniting the celestial nation, was fomented by America and England. On the other hand, Japan's attitude toward China has become more friendly. There is no more bullying and coercion as in the days of the Twenty-one Points. Instead Japan, acting on the example of Russia, has declared her intention of renouncing her extraterritorial rights in China and of raising her envoy in Peking to the rank of ambassador.

It is no accident that the present President of China is the leader of the Japanophile party, or that Dr. Sun Yat-sen, en route from Canton to Peking, makes a detour to Tokio on the eve of highly important political conferences and developments in his own country. No one doubts that the civil war of last autumn undermined the prestige of the Western Powers and enhanced that of Japan. It simultaneously reinforced the bond between China and Russia. The students and intellectuals, in general the entire nationalistic movement in China, have for some time looked to Soviet Russia for inspiration. Moscow is their Mecca because the Bolsheviks achieved national unity in the face of centrifugal forces as compelling as those that make for a tuchunized China. And the sanguinary fratricidal war—in which so many papers saw only an occasion for humor—cemented this influence by strengthening the distrust in and disgust with the methods of great Powers. Japan and Russia have discovered a mutuality of interests against a common antagonist.

Viscount Goto, the "strong man" of Japanese politics, has for several years advocated a Sino-Soviet-Japanese entente in the Far East. The anti-Japanese immigration bill and the growing agitation in favor of a Pan-Asiatic Union (which would include India) only strengthen his cause. Such a tripartite arrangement has of late received much attention and its adherents are multiplying. To be sure, Soviet Russia will not adhere to any alliance with bourgeois countries, but where her policies coincide with those of other nations, and where her interests are furthered by cooperation with them, she will not shrink from common action.

We often regard the Russian problem as a very distant one. Moscow, after all, is about 5,000 miles from New York. But the brilliant exploits of the American round-the-world fliers who one day hopped off from United States territory in the New World and before the next had dawned were in sight of Russian territory in the Old should have brought home the highly significant fact that Russia is in reality a neighbor of the United States and that her position is decisive in determining the role we can play in Asia. A bloc or understanding between Russia and Japan and China would be a serious embarrassment to the United States and might ultimately, assuming a gradual stiffening of the economic backbone of these countries, reduce to insignificance American influence in the Far East, threaten the Philippines, endanger Alaska, and upset things generally in the Pacific arena.

Now as definitely anti-American as her finances will permit, Japan sees the wisdom of drawing Russia into her orbit. For a long time she temporized, maneuvering for position and hoping that unfavorable developments in the foreign affairs of the Soviets would make Karakhan, the Soviet negotiator, more pliable. But when American recognition loomed on the horizon, the link was quickly forged.

Mr. Hughes's attitude tended to throw Russia into the arms of Japan just as it tended to throw Japan into the arms of Russia. His policy toward Russia, China, and Japan was of the same cloth. By it he alienated all three. If now there is a rapprochement between Washington and Moscow, and especially if the Soviets feel that there is a possibility of obtaining a loan in Wall Street and credits from American industries, they may yet be moved to adopt a colder attitude toward Japan. It is not too late to forestall the Russo-Japanese bloc, for in many respects a Russo-Chinese-American understanding would be more desirable to the Bolsheviks than a Russo-Chinese-Japanese pact, but to consummate it the State Department, with Mr. Hughes out of it, will have to reconsider its policy toward China as well as that toward Russia. Friendship with China is so all-important for Russia that she would sacrifice it to nothing, and certainly she cannot keep the good-will of the Chinese if she lends her support to America while America's policy toward China remains what it is. A return of America to her former liberal attitude toward China would probably align Russia on the side of the United States in Far Eastern questions.

What with the Dawes Plan and the interallied debts the interests of the United States in Europe are all but as great as her interests in the Far East. Here, too, Russia is not a negligible factor. Russia occupies half of Europe and casts her shadow over the rest. A conference for the disarmament of Europe without her participation would be as un-

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real and ephemeral as the Washington Disarmament Conference of 1921-1922. It might, however, be argued that even a conference at whose green table a Bolshevik did sit would accomplish too little to warrant the effort as long as present conditions in Europe persist, as long as the Treaty of Versailles continues to mold the life of the Continent. We pass quickly, therefore, to a consideration of Russia and the Dawes Plan.

There exists in Germany a powerful faction, whose political exponents are ex-Chancellor Wirth and Count Brockdorf-Rantzau, which feels that Germany has nothing to expect from Western Europe and that her future lies in Russia and in the East. Their thesis, simplified, would be much to this effect: The Germans are a virile and progressive people. To live they must expand and spread out over new fields. But they cannot regain the territories lost through the war, while with France zealously watchful and England keenly competitive they are hemmed in and paralyzed on the west, industrially and commercially as well as politically. Moreover, their colonies—excellent markets—are gone, and on the Berlin-to-Bagdad route, which was perhaps more of an economic necessity than an imperialistic design, lie insuperable obstacles in the form of vassal Entente states. Hence they turn their faces to the east, where stands Russia offering them the cheapest and quickest road to Persia and the Orient, herself a vast and rapidly developing customer and an almost inexhaustible source of raw materials.

That Germany has not exploited these possibilities is due simply to her lack of credit and to the condition of her industries, but with underground treasures so near and so limitless it is patent that the economic fate of Germany is closely linked with Russia, and it is inconceivable, therefore, that the Americans who will rule Germany by the grace of Mr. Dawes should long remain unmindful of the fact. Likewise the markets open to Germany in Russia, and via Russia in the East, are of fundamental importance to the Dawes Plan in that they are indispensable to the German industries in which so much American capital is being and will be invested. On political grounds the Germans can have no objection to economic dependence on Russia. If they depended to such an extent on a Western Power it would spell slavery—another chain added to the many. To depend on Russia would for Germany be a step toward freedom.

If the Dawes Plan is to rehabilitate Germany it will be the business of the Dawes agents to encourage and develop the economic bond between Russia and Germany. They may even have to supply Germans with American dollars and send them into Russia to assist and hasten the process of Soviet reconstruction. This is one of the implications of the Dawes Plan which is closer at hand than may appear at first sight, provided, of course, that the plan works. And even if it does not, American capital, which will certainly continue to pour into Germany for many years to come, will have to arrive at the same solution. The sum total of it all is that dealings with Russia, which will be difficult without diplomatic relations, are part and parcel of the Dawes Plan and of American participation in European upbuilding.

Purely economic influences, though less determining than the two factors already discussed, also have their bearing on the question of recognition. The volume of Russian trade with America is not considerable and probably will not be for many years. The Soviets are attempting to develop their own cotton plantations and their tractor factories. Nevertheless, for the present, certain Southern planters, the Chase National Bank, and Henry Ford should be lively supporters of resumed relations with Moscow. So, too, the Singer Sewing Machine, the International Harvester, and the Westinghouse companies, whose properties have been nationalized, but who would perhaps get compensation in the event of recognition. Likewise, it is clear that W. A. Harriman's chances to obtain the invaluable concession for Tchiaturi manganese would be better if he had an ambassador here. Finally, the attitude of the Standard Oil Company toward Soviet Russia has undergone a change. From being extremely hostile the Rockefeller firm, now that it has combined with its former blood enemy Sinclair, will have to be on speaking terms with the Kremlin. Furthermore, there have been hints that the Bolsheviks would be pleased to receive an application from the Standard for a lease on Emba, the rich oil field beyond the Urals, and it may soon come to pass that the Standard will draw on Baku and Grozni to supply its customers in Europe and in the Near East.

Given recognition and consequently good-will, the negotiations with the Bolsheviks should present few difficulties. They will not recognize the Czarist debts, but they will agree to pay them—a part of them, to be more correct—on certain terms. They will not repay the loan to the Kerensky Government which ex-Ambassador Bakhmetiev spent either as he saw fit in America or in supporting Kolchak's armed effort to overthrow the Soviets.

# Veterans

By WILBERT SNOW

The old New England house
Basks in the winter sunshine,
Like its outward-gazing companion
At rest on the spruce-limb banking
When a tall white morning lays over
The world a garland of light.
Curling smoke from the chimney,
Like smoke from the graybeard's pipe,
Saunters lazily upward
And scatters in cobalt air.

Eighty New England winters
Have mortised the house to the landscape,
And buttressed the old man's spirit
To share its fate with the shadows:
His spirit grown familiar
With the breathing of these hills;
The hills for years expecting
The echo of his voice.
He will be waiting at ease
When the dark eclipse comes total,
On the interwoven green spruces
At the sunny side of the house—
His body leaning forward,
Hands clasped on the head of his cane,
Waiting at ease the call,
Though never quite ready to meet it,
For house and man to settle
Deeper still in the dust.

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# An Illinois Coal-Digger

By McALISTER COLEMAN

HE came slowly into the hospital reception-room, a pair of great, blue eyes burning in a frame wasted by tuberculosis. He was as near bodily death as any man I have ever seen, and spiritually and mentally he was as alive as molten ore. He explained that ordinarily he was not allowed to go about, but that this was one of his good days and that we could talk for fifteen minutes.

At once my accustomed role—that of the interviewer—was reversed and I was hard put to it to answer the questions that he quick-fired at me. They all had to do with the labor movement, most especially with the Illinois Mine Workers' Union, for which I was working at the time and of which he was a dues-paying member. In his eagerness he danced his long, bony fingers on the table between us as he asked about the progress of our campaign in the *Illinois Miner* for the nationalization of the mines, the details of the Herrin trials, the prospects for the miners swinging in behind the third-party movement.

His eyes begged for more when the nurse came in looking significantly at her wrist-watch, but he said goodby and went back without comment to his cot by the window, where he could catch a glimpse of the bus that took away the visitors. As we swung around the corner he waved his copy of the *Miner* at me.

That was a year ago and that was the last I saw of Albert Schott, one of the bravest fighters for his fellow-workers that the labor movement of this country has produced. Recently I saw a notice in the *Miner* that Schott had died in the hospital where I had my talk with him.

In the course of a two years' continuous correspondence with Schott I learned little of his personal history. I know that he was a member of the Socialist Party when the war came and that he stuck to his principles in the face of bitter criticism. I know that he was rapidly coming to be one of the outstanding figures in the union sub-district around Belleville, Illinois, when one day he commenced spitting blood on his way back from the face of the coal.

It was just because he did write so little about himself in those long letters that he sent me from the hospital cot that my admiration for the man increased with the receipt of every letter. If you have ever spent much time in a hospital ward, you know the courage it takes to fight off the temptation to sentimentalize your position to a sympathetic audience, to whine and "tear your shirt," as the coal-diggers put it.

In all that he wrote, whether in personal correspondence or in his lively letters to the *Illinois Miner*, St. Louis *Labor*, or other labor papers, Schott never once shed a tear of self-pity. Yet there he was, hardly thirty, with a brilliant promise of becoming a new sort of labor leader, propped up with pillows, laboriously putting down his exhortations to his class in the dead-clean atmosphere of a hospital ward.

And how he could write when the flame that was in him leaped up at the thought of injustice, hypocrisy, or stupidity! Now he would lash out with the denunciation of the capitalist system that his training in the old-time Socialist polemic enabled him to couch so ably. Now he would skin a grafting labor leader alive. Now he would write with clarity and wisdom and great humanity on such difficult subjects as nationalization and super-power, and write so that the humblest pick-miner could understand.

We used to send him magazines, files of *The Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *Atlantic*, and it was his wont to read aloud selected passages to a more or less attentive ward. Once he wrote me gloating over a convert to unionism that he had made out of a non-union Alabama coal-digger with a broken collar-bone in the next cot. Again he gave me the delicious details of a talk he had had with a snooping missionary who, on his pollyandric way through the ward, had stopped to protest over the sort of reading matter that he had found on the foot of Schott's bed. The half-dead digger had apparently hurled the missionary with all his smug blat about "the better life beyond," etc., clean out of the hospital window, figuratively if not literally.

The theory back of the cooperative movement always fascinated him. He was full of plans for coming East, "when the damned old lung heals up," to study the subject at the Rand School so that he could go back to Illinois and use his knowledge in organizing the little "co-ops" that dot the coal-fields. Super-power, too, with all that this coming industrial revolution might mean to his class, laid strong hold on his imagination, and he wrote several striking pieces on the "Peoria Plan" of the Illinois miners to establish their own super-power plants.

He died a few weeks before election, just as a letter of his urging the miners to support the La Follette candidacy appeared in the *Miner*. He died, believing that the third-party movement meant a real step toward that cooperative world he could always see gleaming just beyond the turn in the road outside the hospital window.

There are plenty of times when I come away from a talk with one of our so-called "labor leaders" sick at heart, cursing myself for a brainless fool for wasting my time with such swine. Greedy little eyes have peered at me through the hanging cigar smoke, trying to find out what my "graft" was, never conceding in one flash of their lack-luster surface the possibility that anyone might have any real belief in the inherent justice of labor's cause. I know something by now of the devious ways of the "pay-roll boys," the "brief-bag pushers," and the rest of the precious crew raised up by the rank and file for their own eventual exploitation. And at such times the temptation to chuck the whole, dull, hypocritical, mean-minded outfit is almost overpowering. Then I remember the fire in the eyes of that dying man out there in the little Mid-West hospital. I think of what he used to write: "We've got to roll our own. Until we can get some of these newer ideas over, we must hold what we've gained, use the material we have. These leaders you write of will soon load their turn and pass along. The movement is the thing, and whoever has once got the ideal of the movement and then passed it up is a yellow-bellied traitor."

And whoever has once known men like Schott can never be treacherous to his memory or the movement that gave him life.

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# The New Jerusalem

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE city upon which the eyes of the world have been turned for so long is a city built upon hills. From the remotest times the altars of God were set up in the high places. Also the primitive hill-folk who prayed at these altars found the tops of the hills the best places of defense against attack. The corresponding danger was that of drought. Water is hard to come by in Jerusalem to this day. But the habit of building on the hills lies in the atmosphere of the land. Instinctively the mind fronts the sun by day and the stars by night. The new Jewish suburbs Talpioth and Beth Hakerem are on windswept hills and the modern landscape architect and city builder follows the methods of the ancients who terraced the slopes all through Judaea. From every window in Jerusalem that lies beyond the walls the eye looks from height to height. The valleys are narrow and shallow. The city is spreading in all directions, but by a profound impulse the vision turns eastward to the heights of Mount Scopus and the Mount of Olives and to the hills of Moab far beyond.

The newer quarters and institutions lie west and northwest so that one generally sees the old, walled town from that direction and enters it by either the Jaffa or the Damascus Gate. These gates with their pointed arches are the gates of the citadel which Suleiman the Magnificent built about Jerusalem early in the sixteenth century. The massive walls and soaring outlook tower are well preserved. Within the courtyards of the fortification the stone has crumbled in many places; one walks over masses of rubble and climbs to the outlook tower over ruined stairs. An endless spiral staircase hewn of solid stone leads to the top of the tower. Thence, sharply outlined in the luminous atmosphere, appear the black Dome of the Rock dominating the city, churches and monasteries, the hills, and in the ultimate distance a glittering disk which is the Dead Sea, a thread of silver which is the Jordan.

Neither from the tower of the citadel nor from any hill-top does one see a Jewish dome or spire. The walls of the citadel are built upon Herodian foundations; but these are sunk fathoms deep in earth. Stones fashioned by the workmen of Herod, perhaps even by the builders of the Second Temple, are among the nineteen buried layers beneath the present west wall of what was once the inclosure of the Temple. The debris of the ages has filled this spot that was once a valley to a depth of thirteen meters. The tombs of the Judges are to the north, of the Prophets to the south; burial caves surround the city. Southeast of the city, on the north slope of the Mount of Corruption, is a Jewish graveyard of great antiquity. The headstones are broken; shards and rubble are as deep as they were when Nehemiah returned from Babylon and found the city so ruined that there was no place for the beast that was under him to pass. But of the monuments of life from the days of our kingdom nothing is left.

The old city within the walls of the citadel of Suleiman is, except for the Temple place on its southeastern edge, demonstrably not the city of David at all. That lay to the south, dominated the vale of Kidron, and was refreshed by the pool and brook of Siloa. It was from here that David went up the hill of Moriah and bought the top of the hill of Araunah, the Jebusite, who had turned it into a threshing-floor. David built an altar to Jehovah on that spot which was later to be the Temple of Solomon and the site of the Second Temple.

East and northeast of the old city of David the road winds through a narrow valley. It passes the Mount of Corruption on which Solomon built altars to the gods of his strange wives; it passes through the vale of Jehoshaphat; it passes those three mysterious and immemorial monuments which are half hidden in the rocky hillside. Are they the pillar that Absalom reared him in the king's dale, and the house of Osias, and the tomb of Zechariah the Prophet? Are the Hellenistic columns on all three and the Egyptian cone on the tomb of Absalom later additions to monuments already ancient? It matters little. To the left of the road is the wall of the citadel. A few dusky cypresses wave beside it. To the right, beyond the tombs, the hill rises first gradually, then more loftily to the heights of Mount Scopus, whence always the conquerors besieged the city, to the heights of the Mount of Olives. And road and valley and hill slopes are filled with the rubble of the ages. Stones . . . stones . . . not the stones of the field which cover all this land. But stones hewn and graven once by the hands of men, hewn and graven by the workmen of Israel, built into houses and palaces and fortresses and temples, built and always destroyed. The chronicle of conquest upon conquest is written here. And always Israel succumbed except that once when the hand of God stayed Sennacherib. Always was Israel conquered. Victory of the sword was never our portion nor strong walls our effectual defense. Ruins are our monuments. Ruins—except for the immortal spirit that broods here despite a hundred conquests, except for the spirit that, in this evening of time, has brought us here again.

The old town within the walls of the citadel is crowded with houses. The streets are three or four yards wide and fantastically crooked. They are rarely level for more than ten feet. Steps lead up, steps lead down. Everywhere arches span the narrowest alleys. When the sunshine filters into the streets, the wells of radiance are cut by the sharp, large shadows of house and arch, man and beast. At night feeble lanterns twinkle at the doors of houses and synagogues and one walks, but for an occasional glint of starlight, between roofs and arches as in catacombs. By day the scene in the alleys is busy. There are markets and shops and cafes and the open bazaars of the Orient. The dignified, idle Arabs in fezes or turbans and many-colored, shabby robes sit or crouch in the open cafes, smoking their nargilehs. Here in the wall is a potter at his primitive wheel; yonder is an oil press turned as of old by a small, rough-coated ass. Arab women go by, holding their well-wrought water jugs beautifully upon their heads. Next comes a vendor of flat cakes or of sweets. Next a small, mobile, dark Sephardic Jew and behind him a giant—old, severe, Rembrandtesque—from far Galicia in a robe of bronze-colored velvet and a round, fur-brimmed hat. There are monks: Russians in tall birettas, Armenians in black

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hoods, Dominicans and Capuchins of the Western church. There are Arab children and Arab beggars and suddenly with rhythmic swing comes a gaunt, slow, tawny camel and throws its crooked shadow against arch and wall.

In the strictly Jewish streets the shops are neater and the crowd is more orderly. But the division is not sharp. In front of the courtyard of a massive synagogue stands an Arab holding a shy and fragile gazelle in leash. The houses are the same, the stones are the same. When the eve of the Sabbath comes it is from all parts of the old city that Jews stream through the prison-like walls of the settlement of the Moroccan Moslems to that harsh, stony, cramped inclosure which faces all that is left them of the brief days of their national splendor: the west wall of the Temple, the Wall of Wailing.

The stones rise, layer upon layer. So huge are the stones that a tall man faces the middle of the second layer. Their beveled edges are crumbled here and there; tufts of grayish grass grow out of the interstices. Hither the pious exiles of the house of Israel have come to mourn through the ages. Rome fell and Byzantium; America was discovered; great states arose and were cast down; the bugles and the tramplings of a hundred wars and persecutions passed by—passed by like a shadow, like a dream. Hither the exiles came to mourn—not for a temple destroyed or a city taken or the passing of power, but for the menaced integrity of the spiritual life of a scattered nation. Hither they still come. Old men and women in the garb of the East of Europe. And some in white robes, and some wrapped in praying shawls. Young men and women too in the dress of modern workers. They pray and chant with a rhythmic fervor, with a terrible aspiration. They will wring their rights from a stubborn universe. More peacefully they kiss the stones. A crumpled, inconceivably old woman in apron and headkerchief passes in and out of the crowd offering men and women the refreshment of a whiff of sweet and pungent herbs. She will take no alms for her service. It is the eve of the Sabbath. . . .

Above, so far above that no glimpse of it can be caught here at the bottom of the twenty-four layers of rock that are visible, lies that spacious and magnificent rectangle in which stood the Temple, in which stand today and have stood for at least a thousand years the Dome of the Rock and the mosque of El Aksa. The Moorish arcades, delicate yet strong; the slender cypresses, the raised central portion on which the Dome of the Rock stands, all serve to accentuate the freedom and the beauty of this small plateau. No wonder that Solomon built his Temple here and Justinian a basilica and the Moslems one of the most sacred of their shrines. Both of the mosques, though spoiled by unskilful restoration here and there, are of a dreamlike loveliness. Mosaics and marbles and flower-like windows shimmer in the soft gloom of the great mosque. The columns are not all Moorish; the iron grille-work was left by the Crusaders; in the El Aksa the Christian nave still dominates. Yet the final note is that of Moorish grace and elegance. It speaks the spirit of a civilization that never had the mark of continuity or completeness of power. It expresses little that belongs to the Palestinian Arab of today. Yet it is his and will remain his for all time. Whatever the future holds, we are content with the Wall of Wailing, the symbol of our exile and endurance; we are content with the stones of the field, the stones of the many barren fields of Palestine which no hand has touched for centuries, out of which we are building things far better than temples—homes for men.

The site of the Temple is not ours and the city is filled with the churches and the monasteries of the Christians. Yet a modern and liberal Christian will feel, even as the Jew does, that Jerusalem, never abandoned in spirit by us, is ours in fact once more. For the temples of mystic faiths are but historic monuments, like collections of beautiful old armor. And those who fear or feign to fear for the Holy Places through a Jewish resettlement of Palestine are not sufficiently aware of our rationalism of outlook. For generations innumerable we went to Jerusalem to pray and die. Those days are almost over; we go to work and live. . . .

Beyond the old walled city, beyond ruins, graves, temples, monuments there is a new world. Stand on the Jaffa road in the great flood of light. All colors glow here—yellow and blue and orange turbans, the scarlet fez of an Arab on a donkey; the white shawls of the Bedouins of the desert gleam. But there are young men and women in the sobriety of European garb. They are the pioneers, the workers. And what they see is not shrine or sarcophagus, but stone to be quarried, fields to be digged, water and power to be brought into the wastes of this desolate land, new cities on hill-tops fronting the same old stars. They see a new Jerusalem too. Not a city of mystic forms or golden stairs. A city of houses and parks and theaters and seats of learning. The plans for that new city are laid and that city is being built. There are new houses and new quarters; there are schools and hospitals; there is the beauty of trees where for centuries no shade fell.

Out in the limestone quarry Jews are lifting the stone from the earth—Jews who had done no such labor for two thousand years. And near the quarry and beyond in the new quarters Jews are building houses. Until two years ago there was scarcely a Jewish builder in the world; there was no Jewish mason or stone-cutter. The charming Oriental houses adapted to modern needs which you see in Talpioth, in Beth Hakerem, houses on hills with graceful, arched verandas facing the immemorial land—these houses are built by the hands of Jews.

I went to the camp where the stone-masons live. The hand of the craftsman comes to understand and to love the material in which it works. They are polishing the limestone of Jerusalem. It gleams like marble; it is veined like marble. The craftsman becomes the artist. In front of the camp stood a tall, lithe, booted, bare-armed man with the head of a youthful prophet: deep-set eyes, tight black hair, and short beard. Two years ago he was a law student in Russia. He had never touched a chisel or a mallet. He began as a quarrier of stone. He stood there over a block of the polished limestone chiseling an urn. Everywhere you see those urns made by Jewish craftsmen. They have both dignity and beauty, both strength and grace. The tall man stood erect. He had no head covering. He had grown into the land and its light; the stone of the land was living under his hands; he spoke and the sonorous Hebrew sounded terse upon his tongue.

East on the top of Scopus they are building too—these Jewish masons and cutters of stone. They are building the Hebrew University. The two completed buildings with their tall, airy rooms and arcades for coolness and vision stand in a grove of trees. Science is the first need of a new land, or in an old one that is to be reclaimed. Thus the rooms of the university are laboratories today.

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Chemical, biochemical, and microbiological research is vigorously pursued. In the laboratories glisten the glass and steel of the most modern instruments from America and Germany. From these you turn to a window. The chemist or biologist who looks up sees in the distance the blue and mauve and brown hills of Moab. Nebo is one of the peaks —Nebo, from which Moses saw the Promised Land. A little farther west lies the village in which Jeremiah was born and the hill where Samuel judged Israel and the city of Ai, toward which Joshua once pointed his javelin. And from another window the vision embraces the Dead Sea that is like a great, glittering shield, and the Jordan flowing between the hills. A microbiologist bends over his test tube. In the stable of an agricultural group in the valley of Jezreel the cattle are threatened with sickness. By the time that the sun sets over the Mediterranean the men of Jezreel must have an answer to their question of that morning: what ails their cattle; what are they to do? The answer will come to them. The man of science works with profound intensity. The land of Israel is waiting for his message; the dispersed of the house of Israel are waiting; the nations are waiting—none too friendly—for that message which shall help to reclaim the land. . . . The new Jerusalem is not a city of temples and shrines. Let the Christians pray in their holy places and the Moslems guard forever the Dome of the Rock. Our holy place is the earth of the land and our city the city that we are building; our rock is the rock of work and vision which can be Scopus as well as Moriah, which can be Tabor or Carmel by the sea.

# Our War-Advertising Campaign

By MIRIAM BEARD

IN the storm of printers' ink that is ceaselessly poured out to drown the reason of American millions and "put across" on them brands of hatred and hysteria no less than of tinned soups and cigarettes, a new note is heard. It is the steady, ominous beating, during the past year and especially recent months, of propaganda for a fresh war—this time with Japan.

For every disinterested and scientific student who interprets to us the real Orient, one may count by the dozen the politicians, demagogues, imperialist business men, munition-makers, Pacific Coast contractors who foresee a prosperity boom if tens of millions of federal dollars are spent on naval bases at San Diego and elsewhere, army and navy circles seeking increased appropriations or simply irked by lack of professional activity, spotlight-seeking lecturers, journalists, globe-trotters. To these the Orient and Japan mean only one thing—a convenient bogy. By one means or another they all sound the same refrain: another war is inevitable. The sinister tide of Asia menaces the Nordic. Japan is more crafty than other nations, even her bank cashiers being less honest than ours; she covets California; she hides a huge air force up her kimono sleeve. Poor America is defenseless against a jealous world, or, in the words of Arthur Brisbane, "as tempting to some foreign Powers as a rich, fat, unarmed jeweler to a hungry gunman." We need new markets, room for future excess population. We are going to be the greatest nation in history, forcing on the world our commerce and bath-tub ideals—and Japan, our predestined rival, lies across our path of glory.

They are advertised in a thousand forms—in headlines of the yellow press, buying circulation with the blood of soldiers; in books of travel, plays, stories of adventure; in motion pictures, sermons, lectures, news reports of congressional investigations, Defense Day preparations, billiard tournaments, airplane flights, Sunday-school conventions. The propaganda reminds one of that press conflict which prepared the way for the World War—a campaign which is now traced by historians when it is too late.

The Hearst papers, from Seattle to New York, daily pump alarm into their most obtuse readers. From acres of print a few sentences selected from typical issues of the past five months reveal the spirit and subtlety of those who write their editorials, cast headlines, and color the news:

> The main hope for peace is *not* in human decency but in the terrific power of the latest fighting machinery. . . . It is a dangerous thing to be as rich and self-satisfied as old Uncle Sam, the greatest, most prosperous green-grocer in the world. . . . He Committed Hara-kiri Just to Spite Us. . . . Japan is building five hundred airships a month. . . . Write to your Congressman. . . . The United States is sending a great fleet of fighting ships to maneuver within sight of the shores of Australia. Such ships will not be of much importance in the war that is coming. But at least the trip of our fighting ships to Australia can be useful . . . defying the Powers of Asia right under the shadow of a thousand million Asiatics. . . . Do you suppose that the Mikado and his servants are turning out those flying machines to take the imperial grandchildren on little joy-rides? Not at all. Those machines are intended to travel on expeditions of murder and misery for somebody. . . . Japan in a manner typical of its diplomacy straddled the (opium) issue though pretending to vote with the United States. . . . Japanese ships carry nitrates which could destroy a whole city. What we lack is imagination to look a few years ahead. . . . The first rule in dealing with Asiatics is never to show fear . . . (on a balkline billiard contest, in which no American competed with two Japanese experts). If you know anything about balkline billiards, you know it takes steady nerves, self-control, good balance. . . . The Japanese can do anything requiring skill and nerve. . . . The Japanese Government will have plenty of men to run those 500 airplanes that they are turning out every month. . . . Don't Forget It!

The critical reader, knowing the consistent policy of Hearst since 1905, will want to discount all that, even though its peril must be admitted. In reality, however, these papers merely scream what other journals more soberly state. In reviewing this phase it is not possible to go back beyond the spring of 1924, although in the agitations which crowded the years from the end of the Russo-Japanese War to the latest immigration controversy there was laid the mason-work of hate against Japan on which to build the current campaign.

In the spring of 1924 Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske made public a letter to Secretary Wilbur which sounded the keynote of the agitation. Speaking of the need of preparedness for the impending conflict, he revealed the drift of thought in navy circles and suggested—not war, of course, but the why and how of war:

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> . . . We believed that Japan would like to own the Philippines. Therefore, we believed that Japan would take the Philippine Islands, if ever the resentment of her people against us should reach a height sufficient to assure the Government of their support. . . . Of course, I do not mean to suggest that war is even possible; but nevertheless it may be pointed out that the Japanese and Americans have taken attitudes that are irreconcilable, and that the Japanese have virtually broken off diplomatic relations by giving their ambassador a "vacation." Such attitudes and such acts usually precede wars. . . .

After Rear-Admiral Fiske threw his bomb the anti-Japanese propaganda spread with strange rapidity during the summer and winter and shows no abatement now. In August the assembled scientists at Toronto were warned of a race war to extinguish the white man by the year 3000 A.D. At the Williamstown Institute of Politics the tone of our government representatives was unmistakable. Rear-Admiral W. L. Rodgers forecast the next war, and left no doubt about its objective. In September Secretary Wilbur went to the Pacific Coast and let all the world know what he thought and expected:

> The navy is of particular importance to the Pacific Coast not only because of the belief that the last acts of the drama of civilization will occur in and around the Pacific Ocean but because of the economic significance of the basing of the fleet upon the Pacific Coast.

He concluded with the famous words:

> It has been a great personal satisfaction to me to come down the coast with 14,000 sailors wearing the American uniform in ships adequate for their own protection and for the protection of our coasts, east and west, from the aggression of any people influenced, as all people may be, by some extension of the mob spirit, some outburst of passion, or some real or fancied insult. There is nothing so cooling to a hot temper as a piece of cold steel. . . .

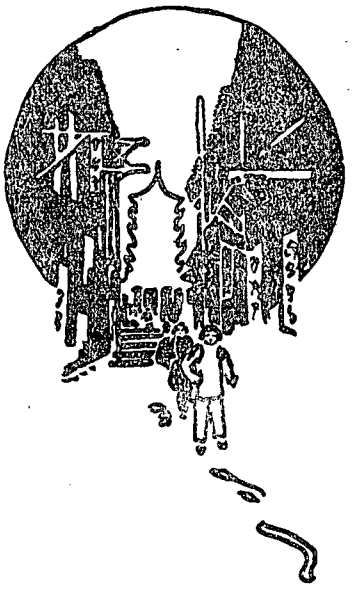
Did President Coolidge rebuke the frank admiral? He called him home, indeed, to discuss the weather, but let the defiant words stand as expressing the avowed policy of the Government of the United States.

A few weeks later the Navy League took up the assault. On December 10, 1924, it released a two-column story which "challenged the fairness of the statement authorized by the Japanese Navy Department at Tokio last week with respect to the relative naval strength of the United States, Japan, and other countries party to the 5-5-3 naval-ratio agreement," and pointed out the mortal peril in the failure of Congress to provide for more naval preparedness. Within a few days the New York *Evening Post* carried the story that "propaganda of the Navy League, an organization interested in the big-navy idea, has been given out by the Navy Department through its own publicity bureau. . . . Secretary Wilbur, perhaps because he is a Californian, has given readier ear to the idea of competition with Japan than any other recent head of the department." The Navy League carried on its work so violently, and the navy circles allied themselves with it so flagrantly, that President Coolidge called a halt. But he retained its chief figure, Secretary Wilbur, and was unable to prevent renewed cries for gun elevation and congressional investigation into the possibility of an "enemy" from Formosa taking the Philippine Islands.

Meanwhile the bankers and gunpowder manufacturers, at a meeting of the National Security League at the Bankers' Club, in New York, heard William B. Shearer, one of the leaders in the movement for another war to end war. The New York *Times* of December 11 carried the story, "Shearer Again Says Japan Plans War—Tells of a 'Leak' in the Navy Board, Revealing a New Elevation of Guns."

> William B. Shearer, naval expert and inventor, charged yesterday that the Japanese navy was again elevating its guns to gain greater range and that Japan was considering a great foreign war in order to save itself from socialistic influences at home. . . . He also charged the Japanese with hostility to our proposed naval maneuvers in the Pacific and said every evidence showed they were preparing for war.

One could go on forever if one mentioned the documents of the recent "Nordic" scare; the sketch When the War-God Stalks Again, by Congressman F. A. Britten in the *Saturday Evening Post* of January 17; his proposal for a conference of white Powers around the Pacific; the airplane propaganda in the "current events" motion pictures; the "underground army" of business, organizing industry on an emergency basis, under such generals as Charles M. Schwab and Elbert H. Gary; and the shrill cries for war from Rear-Admiral Fiske in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, or the call of William H. Gardiner in the *Atlantic Monthly* for a navy strong enough to "afford adequate protection to American shipping and seaborne trade" in the East. More important still would be the description of such novels as "Kimono" and "Broken Butterflies," showing the East to be a world of male villains and women of easy morals; spectacles like "Mecca," depicting the sensual orgies of the Orient; motion pictures like "Shadows of the West," portraying Orientals as abductors of white girls and Legion boys as their "rescuers"; sermons like a recent one of the Rev. John Roach Straton predicting greater wars for the future; sketches like Hashimura Togo's recent trip to the Far East, with its ill-natured fun-making of Japan and China; travel-books by globe-trotters who know no language but their own, harping on the "mystery" of the East, its duplicity, its cunning which is so terrible because disguised in foreign tongues. High and low the propaganda rages, sparing neither the sensational nor the ridiculous. "Tunnels," declares Mr. Harry A. Franck, for instance, in his new "Travels in Japan and Formosa," "of which the Japanese seem inordinately fond, abound; and where else are telegraph wires so numerous as in the islands of the Nipponese? It is as if they were suggestive of a spying disposition." He, like so many of his fellow-travelers, forgets that telegraph wires are only more numerous in New York City, where they are underground—suggestive of the deep, subtle, insidious dispositions of Mayor Hylan and Comptroller Craig.



*By courtesy of The Woman's Press.*

Only a strong-minded American can stand out forever under this continual pelting of assertion, hint, and innuendo. But what this propaganda does to us is not the gravest cause for alarm—that is its inevitable effect in awaking uneasiness and distrust, not only in Japan but in the whole Orient.

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# Some Meditations on the Radio

By HARRY HANSEN

THE moment when I first began to meditate on the radio as part of the Divine Purpose for the Enlightenment of Mankind was about three minutes after my first talk through the microphone. I had stepped out of the Speaking Room into the Reception Room of the Studio—the lay reader will, I hope, pardon my technical nomenclature—when the telephone bell rang and a voice inquired for me. "I wish to congratulate you," said the voice. "I heard every word you said. And I read you in the paper every day."

Now, I do not write "in the paper" every day, but I was willing to overlook this slight error in the first flush of satisfaction at being understood and appreciated by an invisible auditor miles away. The next day, however, I received a post card mailed the evening before. The writer made this plain. "It is now 9:36 p. m.," said my correspondent, "and you have just finished your talk, so I am hurrying this to the mailbox. Please send me the book of poems that you are giving away."

At that I suspected that conflicting wave lengths had worked to my disadvantage, for I had made no mention of a book of poems, much less written one; yet there was my name, and I felt the touch of the embarrassment that comes to the man who receives praise meant for others. The next day, quite by accident, I learned that the radio was an important means of conveying products of various kinds to the listener. For instance, the announcer for another radio station was tuning in at that moment, and I heard him say that he had received eighty boxes of candy from a well-known manufacturer, each box containing twenty bars, and that he would present a box to the first eighty correspondents who sent a jingle of two lines by wire or mail or messenger, praising that confection. This seemed unusually generous of the manufacturer; however, I had my doubts when, in the course of the evening, this station was heard to refer again and again to this fine assortment of candy, praising it profusely, and emphasizing the need for jingles. The announcer even indulged in a bit of by-play, remarking, "Ain't it good candy, Bill?" whereupon the mythical Bill replied: "I'll say it is." Two days later, in another State, I heard the announcer for still another station declare that a five-dollar gold piece was to be given to the person who best remembered what three pieces were to be played by the orchestra that evening, and who wrote the best letter saying so. The announcer then named the three compositions very plainly, and admonished his invisible audience to be sure to get the titles accurately. I listened for a catch of some kind, but there was none; in the course of the program the announcer took pains to name the titles again and again. The offer of the gold piece was no doubt in good faith, but it seemed to me that audience needed a great deal of coaching. Either memories were unusually lacking in retentiveness in that section or five-dollar gold pieces were so plentiful that no one cared to rise to the bait unless urged on grounds other than acquisitive.

These and later experiences gave me what we of the newspaper like to call a "new slant" on the radio. I had not, up to that time, thought of it as a sort of mental hypodermic. I had, as a matter of fact, connected it principally with the national defense, and I remember that originally I had some vague notion about the service the radio would render in times of war, in the matter of expediting messages, detecting spies, etc. Of course I knew that it was a Tremendous Contribution—to what or to whom I was not exactly sure, but I had heard it styled so by ministers in the pulpit, and I was sure that in time it would be included in school histories under the chapter entitled Benefits of Inventions and Discoveries, which explained how much the cotton gin, the locomotive, the telephone, and the motion picture had done for civilization.

By actual contact, however, both as a listener and as a broadcaster, I learned that the radio was associated with that other form of service which is a sort of national rallying cry in America, "Service," with the capital S, that intangible something which the merchant professes to confer upon you in addition to the goods for which you pay; which the invisible hotel owner declares he bestows on his guests in addition to a lodging for the night—"Service," the national watchword, corresponding to the "Defense d'afficher" of the French and the "Nicht Hinauslehnen" of the German, and probably just as effective. The fact that you get less service in America than in any other nation has no bearing on the plot; here service is recognized as an institution, elsewhere it is nameless. Well, then, the radio, it turned out, was the last word in Service. Every day, beginning with dawn, and lasting until closing time of the most obscure bar for vending goat's milk in New Zealand, the radio served its invisible audience. Its programs were free. You could tune in anywhere without even giving a tithe to the government. As one station sang nightly:

Just set your dial
And stay a while
With W-X-Y-Z.

There it is, up in the air, absolutely free, waiting for you to pull it down with the aid of electricity. Opera and symphonic music, jazz, twenty minutes of good reading, how to cook by Aunty Jane, tales for the kiddies and prayers set to music, even "Now I lay me down to sleep"; sermons and exhortations not to drink, gamble, and blaspheme, with music by the white-robed choir; advice on how to spread your income by investment brokers; advice on how to make your shoes last longer by shoe salesmen; talks by the mayor on civic duty, on "Your Boy" by the master of the Boy Scouts; on the right sort of boys by the head of the Y. M. C. A., and the right sort of girls by the head of the Y. W. C. A.; barn dances, recitals of music schools, whole acts of plays, speeches, speeches, speeches.

Radio announcers are a lonely lot. There they sit, in a room hung with heavy velvet curtains, talking for dear life before a strange little contrivance that looks like an electric fan covered with wire netting; their humor falls flat so far as any response from an audience is concerned; not a titter greets them from behind the velvet hangings; they hear nothing but the sound of their own voices. Even a lecturer at a chautauqua fares better than that; he is likely to be greeted by waving handkerchiefs. Yet announcers, on the whole, are happy, and men are graduating

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into the broadcasting profession more quickly than barbers are propelled out of a barber college. I was forced to revise my conjecture after meeting them, and I finally concluded that it was the audience that was at fault. The announcers were the stimuli without which, apparently, American society cannot function. For although we are said to be a land where men are superlatively eager to be "up and doing," where we "rise to an occasion," or "get behind something" so quickly that it makes the old world stand aghast at our speed and alertness, yet we make use of more springboards and devices for speeding up than any other people on the globe. The radio exhorters, then, belonged with other aspects of our national culture; with the scenic railways and shoot-the-chutes, the scare-heads of the yellow press, the circus adjectives in advertising, the billboards on serene country landscapes. They "got to" the American householder during those hours when formerly he had been impervious to outside stimuli. During his business hours he suffered enough shocks to keep him awake; at the theater or the movies his needs were provided for by the current contrivances for holding his attention, and on Sundays the family could be depended upon to goad him across the landscape in an automobile. But until the radio came there had been very little, save matrimony, to jar the peace and quiet of his home. The talking machine was a known quantity; you knew exactly what it was going to say, and it always said it the same way. But the radio was different enough in each edition to command his attention. It got his ear before breakfast and after dinner; it caught him at his slippered ease; it let loose upon his quiet oasis the ballyhoo of the announcer, speaking, for the most part, a jangling vernacular, mixing ain'ts and don'ts and who's and whom's, struggling comically with the foreign names of musicians and composers, talking familiarly to the folks, shaking hands figuratively with the kiddies, in a word making articulate the cartoon strip about ma and pa and the kids.

The Contribution—ah, yes, I was coming to that. The Contribution to Enlightenment. What wonders have been worked under this banner of the ideal! What ships have been sunk, what treasure wasted, what forests cut down, what literatures dispersed! In the city where I live over half a dozen stations function. They are controlled by electrical and radio interests, and by the newspapers. Practically every newspaper now has its own sending station, or leases part of the time of powerful stations, including one newspaper which deals solely in live-stock news. Most of the stations are associated with a hotel, so that they are able to vary their programs by broadcasting—or radiocasting, as the new form has it—the music of dining-room and ballroom orchestras. The usefulness of a radio station to a manufacturer of radio sets is obvious; its usefulness to the newspaper deserves somewhat deeper inquiry. We are told, by those who are able to discern civilization on the march, that the radio belongs to the newspaper, because it is used for the dissemination of news. Yet it is news least of all that the newspaper spreads by radio, for, aside from the stock-market bulletins, which are of no value because the mind cannot retain what it hears so well as what it sees, and the baseball scores, and the hunt for the President's cat, the newspaper is engaged, like its competitors, in giving to the world programs of music and addresses, at a tremendous cost. It is spreading, outside its hours of publication, what would be termed "features" inside the newspaper office. To what purpose? Can a world be hungry for more than it already receives in the bulky newspaper, the magazine, the theater, and the motion picture? The principal advantage must be an increased prestige, placing the name of the newspaper before the listener again and again, inspiring him with an idea of its enterprise, and thus indirectly giving the national advertiser—no longer a negligible factor—the impression that that newspaper counts. In other words, getting on the air is the modern counterpart of the tradition which began by sending Stanley after Livingstone. Does it serve so good a purpose? Ah, times have changed!

Perhaps the radio has another purpose; perhaps it was meant by Providence to provide pathologists with exercise in tracing Latin, Greek, and mongrel roots in the new radio nomenclature. The most intricate expletives of golf fade before the deluge of mechanical terms of the radio. A letter from a fan to his newspaper, asking for the simplest sort of advice, as, for instance, how to manipulate a screw or tighten a nut, is so incrusted with abracadabra that one immediately suspects a German spy indicating the location of new tennis courts to his government. Radio-frequency, potentiometer, these are simple terms in a profession which gossips about neutrosuperheteroreflex, radiolarengenoflex, cosmopolitan-phusiformer-neutrodyne, and finally, unilateralautoheterorefloneutrodyne; what, compared to these acrobats, is a simple pre-war polysyllable like Oberundunterdonauschifffahrtsaktiengesellschaft?

Sometimes when I have spoken my piece and conjectured whether my audience on this occasion was merely one million, or ten, I contemplate the radio and wonder whether it is not merely another step in our waste of natural resources, another bit of the non-essential progress in which America leads the world. Quick to rationalize our excesses, to find excuses for our indulgence in unnecessary luxuries, we raise the banner of Enlightenment and proclaim the radio as useful for the Dissemination of Knowledge. True, it provides a diversion of labor to a new industry. It creates needs, and fills wants, a formula which can be repeated backward and forward, leaving you always at the same starting-point. Perhaps the Purpose, which we cannot always be sure of, is there, somewhere in the mist. In fact, once, I thought we had a glimpse of it. It occurred at the time when the radio stations most everywhere were broadcasting the national conventions. First, there was that heavenly moment at Cleveland, when the convention named Frank O. Lowden for the office of Vice-President of the United States. Then rose former Senator Sherman of Illinois, with a note from Mr. Lowden in his hand, written that morning, thanking the convention for its confidence, but declining the nomination for this high office on the ground that Mr. Lowden must keep his promise to the people of his State! And he had promised them not to run. Then hesitations, murmurs of discontent, confusion clearly borne over the air to millions of listeners. The whole political mechanism suddenly atrophied, the will of the people at a standstill! What a disclosure of the hocus pocus of political procedure! And secondly, there seemed to be a Purpose somewhere, when the radio carried the reports of the Democratic Convention in New York City. That, we may as well concede, was a Contribution to the Enlightenment of the Age. No printed page could have spread before the reader so well this inestimable buffoonery at Madison Square Garden. There, if anywhere, the people learned something about the outworn machinery by which Americans register their choice for candidates for the highest office in the land. The radio gave—Service.

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# In the Driftway

FROM Palo Alto the Drifter has received an unhappy letter on a subject dear to his heart:

> . . . As Drifter, won't you do something to expose an impostor in your own field? Someone in New York has announced himself as King of the Gipsies. The Gipsies, he declares with Rotarian smugness, must settle down and become auto mechanics. They must give up telling fortunes. But, he adds, cautiously, they may practice phrenology. Can such a one be a real Gipsy? If so, then woe the land. The last drifters are to be anchored in the mud. Romance is to give place to bunk; instead of robbing us intermittently and interestingly, they are to do it respectably and efficiently.

If this complaint were justified, the Drifter would be the first to mourn at such a state of affairs. But he is convinced that no such thing is happening, or will happen for many years. He reads, in the clipping which his correspondent has obligingly sent him, that the new Gipsy king "is quite a modern person, who wears long trousers and no crown, and is known in private life as Frank Mitchell," and it is the last that reassures him. For he cannot imagine that one of the tribe of MiXail would advise his people to settle down except with his tongue planted firmly in his cheek.

* * * * *

FOR the Gentile—the non-Gipsy—the Romany has a language and a set of opinions quite different from those he deals out to his own people. The Drifter does not doubt that the recently elected Gipsy king said the respectable things he is reported to have said—to a reporter questioning him. He would say just that. He would be not less but more of a Romany for having said them. He would say them with a gusto, an unction, an eye-rolling that would do credit to a bishop, and he would take the road the next day with the lightest conscience in the world. Of the Gipsies in the United States, Irving Brown, himself part Romany, in a book called "Gipsy Fires in America," has this to say:

> They live almost exclusively by the fortune-telling of the women. . . . Today they travel by either train or auto . . . and recently a Nomad gave his profession to the police as auto dealer. Many are prosperous; but once a considerable sum has been accumulated, it is usually spent with reckless disregard for the future. The automobile has not succeeded in robbing them of their picturesqueness. They still remain the shyest, most nomadic, and most colorful of any body of Gipsies in the entire world. . . .

The Romany is not deteriorating; he still lives by the money his wife earns for him; if the law prohibits fortune-telling, then she may take to "phrenology," permitted by the august and learned mind of the law because it is a science. He still follows the road quite around the world; if he stops in a house it is with the typical Gipsy furniture: feather-beds, an iron pot, a few plates, and a spoon or two. When he is young, in the first strength of his early manhood, he marries a Gipsy girl, free, sound, and supple, and they have many children who are brought up, according to modern ideas, in the most shockingly neglected state. In fact, they are all shockingly neglected; they eat their meals at odd hours, they sit on cold, draughty floors or on the ground, they wear scanty, if brilliant clothing; they are not frugal, or thrifty, or industrious except by inexplicable fits and starts. And the most shocking thing about all this, of course, is that they are abundantly, childishly happy. They have, so far, managed to escape most of the refining influences of civilization, and yet they are not devoured by locusts or burned to a cinder by a bolt of lightning. There is plainly something wrong about this.

* * * * *

NO, the Drifter's distressed correspondent may lay his fears at rest. The Romanies have withstood many civilizations, many invocations to settle down. King Frank Mitchell may turn a smug and proper front to his everlasting enemies; the Drifter will go on believing, and trusting, that he does not mean a word he says. The wild heart is not yet tamed; it makes its way about the world proud and single still.

THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## The Prize Poem—One Kind Word

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to congratulate the literary editors of your civilized weekly on the happy choice of your prize poem Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana.

True poetry in my opinion should sing of life with an all-seeing eye, its music should be of the color of life—sweeping, vivid, at times even crude, yet moving as the life of man.

To me the prize poem has these qualities of great poetry. It gave me a genuine thrill, and my mind was enriched for a few fleeting minutes.

*New York, February 14* A. D. MANKOFF

## Two Letters from Upton Sinclair

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When you are quoting the opinions of your readers on the 1925 prize poem, you may note the following extracts from the conversation of M. C. S., written down by Upton Sinclair:

I can understand a twenty-two-year-old boy—especially a foreigner not knowing English very well—writing such a thing; but for the editors of *The Nation* to award it a prize indicates to me that there is even more deep-seated madness in the world than I dreamed. There can be no question about this case; there is no room for doubt—from first to last there is not one line of poetry in it, there isn't even any ordered, intelligent prose, there isn't anything to be called "sense." The editors say it is "passionate." Well, the jabbering of a child can be passionate; his crying out of a string of disordered words—"Montana, Montana, afternoons, girls, people, Indians killing each other." But to call it poetry and give it a prize indicates that the editors are making a pitiful effort to surrender their common sense to the whims of a jazz age.

Sometimes it happens that old things become so bad that we have to abolish them entirely and start over again. So it may be just as well for such prizes to be awarded, and make poetry ridiculous.

*Pasadena, California, February 16* UPTON SINCLAIR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My wife and I read the prize poem again and talked it over some more. The poem seems to us the climax of futility, but we came to agreement on the point that our letter about it was needlessly harsh in its reference to the editors of *The Nation*. We reminded ourselves that you are doing the most important magazine work now being done in America, and a difference of taste in poetry is infinitesimal in its relative importance. We remain, as ever, eternally grateful for what you are doing to spread the truth.

*Pasadena, California, February 24* UPTON SINCLAIR

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## At Prize Poetry He Balks

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For five years I've bought *The Nation* at newsstands. Often I've determined to subscribe, when along came a poem, prize or otherwise, and I balked.

Mr. Siegel's stuff settles me. If this thing had emanated from an inmate of a lunatic asylum and been published as evidence of the hopelessness of the writer's mental condition, it would have had at least a pathological interest. But to offer it to your readers as the best of 4,000 poems in the deliberate judgment of your committee and your editors is assuming that the intellectual level of *The Nation's* clientele is of the type that requires the attention of alienists.

No more for me!

*San Francisco, California, February 13* W. V. Hirsh

## Ugh! And Again Ugh!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am not a poet, nor the relative of a poet. But I am a devotee of poetry, and have read everything poetical from Homer in the Greek to Masefield in the gutter. I looked forward to *The Nation's* prize poem with an eager and practiced eye. To say that I am disappointed is to call a mad dog distempered. Never did I struggle through anything so "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." Never did I read a more unpoetic composition, even in a book of logarithms.

The midget Southey was poet laureate; and the immortal titan of song, Shelley, could not find a publisher and had not half a hundred readers of his enchanting strains! Why, Oh why, cannot great verse get contemporary recognition, while stupid trash wins prizes?

"Almost rotten enough to win a prize" bids fair to become an American idiom.

Ugh! And again ugh!

*New York, February 7* John Meridith

## Poetry Contests

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My reasons for writing this letter and hoping that you will publish it are personal and impersonal. I think that your readers should know why my poetry will never again appear in *The Nation*, and in addition they may be interested in my opinion of poetry prize-contests in general.

During the past four years you have printed more verse from my hand than from that of any other poet and at the same time you have withheld from me the distinction and open approval of your annual awards. After each of your verse competitions you have purchased and published the poem which you slighted in the contest, and once you even deigned to give one of these entries an *honorable mention*. This persistent attitude would seem to indicate that you regard me as an interesting but definitely second-rate poet—a poet worthy of frequent publication but not entitled to the slightest real honor or indorsement—and, naturally, I do not care to continue my appearances in a magazine that insults and belittles my verse in this fashion.

A friend of mine, whose hobby is statistics, has informed me that 649 poetry "contests" have been staged in the United States during the past decade, and since I have failed to win a single one of these probing, momentous competitions I must be number 650 in a ranking list of contemporary American poets! If you will pardon the absurd egotism which causes me to place my verse somewhat higher in the list—an egotism fortified by the unqualified praise of two-thirds of the prominent literary critics in this country over a period of eleven years—you may realize why poetry "contests" in my opinion are trivial, misleading, unfair, minutely biased, double-dealing, vapidly pernicious farces. Such "contests"—particularly those in this country—are never more than petty displays of conservative beliefs, desires on the part of magazines to placate the supposedly limited appreciations of their readers, underhanded favoritisms, minute personal preferences disguised as accurate and important discernments, family affairs dominated by one clique or another claque, literary politics unconcerned with actual merit and superiority, prearranged, astigmatic friendships, and a general tendency to "play safe" and snub the highly original creator. Radical (in a literary sense), intensely individual, and ironically searching writers do not win in these "contests" because the work of such writers offends too many idols and prejudices and threatens too many fears and cautions among those people connected with the giving of formal honors and prizes. Mr. T. S. Eliot and Miss Marianne Moore would still be unhonored in this regard if they were not members of a poetry-clique whose main avenue of publication is a magazine owned by two extremely wealthy men, and the radical poet who stands alone, outside of all restricting groups and family felicitations, must expect the viciously unfair and meanly ludicrous treatment which both Mr. Eliot and Miss Moore would otherwise have received.

*New York, February 5* Maxwell Bodenheim

## From Hot Afternoons to Hot Dogs

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I've written the great American poem (this is no time for modesty). It is called Wet Evenings Have Been in Washington.

I was not able to complete this work in time for your last contest, but if I can be assured that the same set of judges will officiate I shall certainly groom it for the next big event.

I have another little thing covering nine or ten pages that should remove all doubt as to the destination of your next hundred yen; this one is entitled Hot Dogs Have Always Been on Coney Island. If there is any second money, "Hot Dogs" should surely be there when the prizes are given out. However, I leave my efforts unreservedly to the discrimination of the judges.

Both of these little gems of mine are set in a style never before attempted by any other poet; they contain the tempo of all that is hectic in American life, at the same time breathing the spirit and rhythm of the cross-word puzzle. Nothing has been left out; it is all here from Tut to Tammany, with names and dates.

To get the proper spirit of these poems of mine they should be printed in circles on the paper and should be read in the subway somewhere near Forty-second Street at about 5:30 in the evening.

*New York, February 11* James Manning

## "A Very Hot Poem"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have before me a copy of the *Outlook*, February 18, 1925, and have been reading an article, A Very Hot Poem, giving in part a few lines, verses, or what they may be, from the work of Mr. Eli Siegel, prize-winner craftsman over four thousand poets in your recent contest. I do not know much about this contest and I have no idea who the judges were, but it seems to me they have picked for posterity. One in four thousand? This is one in four million, though verily I fear that the voice of Eli is crying in a wilderness. If you or he will provide me with an autographed copy of the entire poem, I in turn shall take great satisfaction in providing a neat, black frame and a glass front for same, hanging it behind my swivel chair so that it may rest upon the wall and bring a ready lesson to all poets visiting this sanctum. Furthermore I shall then have an opportunity to read this opus in toto, satisfying myself as to whether the whole work is equal in human interest to the

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*Outlook's* quotation. In addition to my offer of a frame and plain glass front, I shall do my best to provide your prize winner with a book of verse and loaf of bread. He must furnish the jug of wine himself, though I think with this book the bread will be sufficient.

How will this affect the other policies of *The Nation?*

*Philadelphia, February 27* GORDON DORRANCE,
President, Dorrance and Company

## Wounded Affection

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My affection for *The Nation* is, I take it, beyond dispute. It is out of the depth of this wounded affection that I must protest—mild and too mannerly word!—against the mass of ill-organized prose called Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana. Dr. Johnson, having been teased with the works of Ossian, said: "Sir, a man could go on writing that sort of thing forever, if he would only *abandon* his mind to it."

*Vienna, February 18* LUDWIG LEWISOHN

## A Pilgrimage to Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A party of one hundred educational leaders, ministers, editors, and social workers will visit Europe this summer under the auspices of the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order. The entire trip costs only from six to seven hundred dollars. The party will sail on June 27 on the Cunard steamship Carmania, and a course of lectures will be conducted on board to furnish background and to prepare the members for a thorough study of the present situation in Europe—political, social, industrial, and religious.

July will be spent in England, where the party makes Toynbee Hall its base of operations. Lectures are given here morning and afternoon, one hour being given to the lecturer and a second hour devoted to questions from the floor and discussion. Such writers as Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, Tawney and Laski, Cole and Sidney Webb; political leaders like Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Haldane, Lord Cecil and Lord Milner; employers such as B. Seebohm Rowntree and labor leaders like Arthur Henderson and Robert Smillie; religious leaders of the stamp of Bishop Gore and Bishop Temple, Studdert-Kennedy, W. E. Orchard, and Maude Royden; editors like J. L. Garvin of the *Observer* and A. G. Gardiner; members of Parliament including Lady Astor, Lord Eustace Percy, and Professor Ramsay Muir meet the party in England.

The month of August is spent on the Continent, endeavoring to study and understand the situation in Germany and France and at the headquarters of the League of Nations at Geneva. Those desiring to do so may attend the Assembly of the League during the first week of September. Others will return to America within two months of the sailing date. At the close of the main tour some members of last year's party went into Russia, others made a journey to Constantinople, Athens, and the Balkans, while still others visited Italy.

Of those who apply the executive committee will select the one hundred whom it deems can best represent America in Europe and most adequately interpret the world situation to audiences and readers in America. Approximately a third of the party will be composed of college presidents and professors, a third of ministers of the various denominations, and the remainder of editors, writers, social workers, and business men. As accommodations can be reserved for only one hundred persons, applications should be made early by those desiring to go. Full information will be furnished from the office of Sherwood Eddy, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City. A bound verbatim report of the principal addresses delivered last year in Toynbee Hall is now available at this address at $3 a volume.

For those who cannot afford the trip to Europe a Social Summer School will be conducted during the month of August at Olivet, Michigan, for a party of two hundred, similar to the Williamstown Institute of Politics. The chief emphasis at Olivet, however, will be social, industrial, and religious, rather than political. The cost for the summer school for the entire month of August, exclusive of railway fare, will not exceed $75. Those desiring to join the Social Summer School should send application and request for information to Kirby Page, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

*New York, February 22* SHERWOOD EDDY

## Contributors to This Issue

CHARLES A. BEARD, historian and writer, spent the winter of 1922-1923 in Tokio organizing a bureau of municipal research and conducting a survey of the city.

MCALISTER COLEMAN has written frequently on labor conditions, particularly in the coal fields.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN has completed a study of conditions in Palestine, parts of which will appear in *The Nation.*

MIRIAM BEARD is a newspaper writer who has been much interested in Japanese-American affairs.

HARRY HANSEN is literary editor of the Chicago *Daily News.*

J. A. HOBSON, the eminent British economist and publicist, is a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY is head of the Slavonic department at the New York Public Library.

KIMBALL YOUNG teaches sociology at the University of Oregon.

SHIGEHARU MATSUMOTO, an active participant in the Japanese labor movement, is at present studying economics at Yale.

OXFORD BOOKS

THE SWALLOW-BOOK
*By Ernst Toller*
*English Version by Ashley Dukes* *Net* 85c.
Toller is one of the more eminent of the new school of European dramatists sometimes called "Expressionists". This little book is a poem in free verse suggested by the sight of two swallows who nested in his cell to which he was confined for his participation in the abortive Bavarian "Red" Outbreak.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN STUART MILL
*Nett* 80c.
Additional material, hitherto unpublished, has been added to this volume of the World's Classics series.

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# Books and Plays

## The Master Goes

By CLEMENT WOOD

There is an emptiness along great ways
He walked, a breath of alien chill in air
That knew the cordial of his smile, the blaze
Of eyes that fell like sunlight everywhere.
The last November leaves sag limp and dull,
And the light wind for the last time has borne,
Across the hill he left so beautiful,
A call as mellow as a sunset horn.
If what he dreamed has blossomed, a new height
In mellower endless sunlight knows his tread:
But we can only wonder at the night,
And its faint stars of what he did and said;
And know, in this soft air, the breath of chill,
The rustle of dead leaves under a hill.

## First Glance

JAMES BOSWELL, writing in 1790 to his friend the Reverend William Temple, complacently quoted the Lord Chancellor of England as having told him "'he had read *every word* of my Hebridean journal; he could not help it.' Adding 'could you give a rule how to write a book that a man *must* read? I believe Longinus could not.'" Longinus certainly could not have explained the peculiar excellences of Boswell's work, nor can anybody else. Macaulay attempted in one of his falsest and most brilliant essays to prove that Boswell was so great an author because he was so small a man, and the average person still is hospitable to that opinion. But surely it never seemed more than a flashing paradox to one who was aware that to produce a great book requires quality of some sort. And now the evidence as to Boswell's qualities is at hand. Not only are the "Letters of James Boswell," collected and edited by Chauncey Brewster Tinker (Oxford University Press: 2 vols., $10), perfectly served to their eager public; they comprise a document of genuine importance in that they create the figure of a genuine and important human being. It may remain impossible to show just why the "Life of Johnson" is an excellent biography—for the arts of narrative and characterization are still mysterious; but it will never be possible again to deny that Boswell is interesting in his own right.

According to the traditional interpretation, Boswell was one who in slight measure redeemed his trivial traits—his petty vanity, his fussy and laughable self-importance—by the itch he felt to be in the presence of great men, by the instinct for hero-worship which sent him to France to see Voltaire and Rousseau and which kept him in that "heaven upon earth," London, where he could take down the utterances of Dr. Johnson for the future instruction of mankind. Mr. Tinker's exhaustive edition of the letters leaves the trivial traits still trivial, and on the whole delightfully so; but it shows them redeemed by more than an itch such as boys might feel. Boswell becomes in them an adult intelligence, a grown man extraordinarily equipped with energy and passion. Possessed of original powers which he seems never to have fully understood, and which for want of adequate expression in the life that was given him to live frequently dragged him down into a melancholy curable only by fits of affection for men or by periods of debauchery in "mansions of gross sensuality," he was remarkable at all times for an "ambition which has ever raged in my veins like a fever."

This ambition of Boswell's went deeper than his desire to play "the great man" in London with Johnson and Goldsmith and Garrick and Burke. From the beginning he wanted passionately to "be somebody," to rear in his own personality some kind of bulwark against the forces of dissolution which in company with Johnson he always feared as children fear storms. Hence the peculiar attraction of Johnson for him: "I think better of myself when in his company than at any other time. . . . He has done me infinite service. He has assisted me to obtain peace of mind." Hence his insistence to Temple year after year that in spite of lapses he still can consider himself a "proper" man. Hence his "feudal principles" as Laird of Auchinleck. Hence his authorship. And hence his delight when Temple calls him "the most thinking man" he ever knew. "I own I am desirous that my life should *tell.*" In "The Tour to the Hebrides" Boswell, speaking of himself in the third person, remarked rather wistfully: "He had thought more than anybody supposed." The extent of his thinking can be known for a certainty now. With the assistance of Mr. Tinker, and in a manner which in his vainest moments he could hardly have predicted, he has made his life tell.

MARK VAN DOREN

## Homiletic Shadow-Boxing

*Contributions of Science to Religion.* By Shailer Mathews. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

TWO lines do battle for modernism. In the actual field we have the Men of Courage. Their main job is to fight the theological atavists. Briefly, the Reverend Dr. Anabaptist Modernist says to the Reverend Dr. Johann Eck Fundamentalist: "I am sorry; but as a Modern Man I cannot accept your absurdities. I am too intelligent, for one thing. And then, it isn't being done in the world in which I move. Moreover, I refuse to leave the church, from which I derive my prestige and my living and in which I perform my enlightenment. If you force me, I shall carry the fight into the open. And—just between us—though I shall be a martyr, modern publicity is a great extinguisher of ecclesiastical pyres."

Now, who trains these modern John Huses? The second line of modernists, the Melanchthons in our Wittenberg-Seminaries. Their main job—except in the case of a few first-rate exegetics who are genuine scholars—is not so much to fight the reaction. It is more academic. It is also more "constructive" in spite of its academicism. They perpetually construct and reconstruct the fiction that science and religion are but the two faces of Janus-Progress. This job requires a redefinition of both terms. Science is no longer the glorious curiosity to worm out the secrets of nature; it becomes a way of life. And religion changes from the mute but penetrating kingdom of heaven within us to the fingerposts on the very same road.

The book under review is important because it is most intelligent in building this fiction. It reduces the struggle to shadow-boxing, a truly inspired method of depicting a Kulturkampf in phrases. It juxtaposes the formulae of science so closely to the wishes of modernism that they appear like the proverbial Mike and Ike. Here is the technique.

Mr. Mathews produces a book of which he wrote only 89 pages. The other 333 pages were written by former and present colleagues at Chicago. One is a Nobel Prize winner in physics. All the rest are scientists of wide reputation. Robert

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A. Millikan, the Nobel Prize winner, writes a chapter on The Structure of Matter, an epitome of his great book "The Electron." Of course this chapter is the last word in physics, and it is fascinating. It is illustrated by diagrams of the hypothetical orbits in which the electrons disport themselves within the atom. But they fail to magnetize toward religion. The fact is that the famous scientist says not one single, solitary word about it.

John M. Coulter, the celebrated botanist, writes a chapter on Plant Life. I feel deeply grateful to Mr. Coulter for the most enlightening discussion on the art of scientific investigation it has been my good fortune to read for many a day. But not a word on religion. Edwin B. Frost writes an essay on The Structure of the Cosmos which should be obligatory reading in every college. The magnificent photograph of The Great Gaseous Nebula in Orion distinctly fascinates. But not a word on religion.

Experts contribute expert articles on The Nature of Life, Mind and Evolution, Eugenics, What Science Has Done for Agriculture, Sanitation. But none of the distinguished contributors ever comes to religion. Two or three conscionably remember the general topic and hastily remark that they see no objection to religion for the religious. I looked for religious traces among the plates of the Star Cloud in Scutum Sobieski, of the Spiral Nebula in Andromeda, of the Comet Morehouse, of the North America Nebula, of the Region North of Theta Ophiuchi. But in all these splendid milk-dashed starry charts I failed to find *contributions of science to religion.*

At last, on page 351, Mr. Mathews—not scientist but reverend—makes this contribution—not of religion to science but of science to religion. He writes three chapters on Scientific Method and Religion, Science Justifies the Religious Life, Science Gives Content to Religious Thought. Briefly he says: "What these distinguished scientists have been telling you all along in this book, religion has been telling you all along, too." How does Mr. Mathews accomplish this feat—rather learnedly, quite ably, very unsentimentally? Simply by shifting the meaning of religion from its spirit to its ethnology and the history of its institutions. "Science is method," says Mr. Mathews, which we shall grant for the moment. And then he adds: " . . . religion (also) can be regarded as a series of experiments extending across thousands of years and involving a vast number of accumulated actions and convictions. It is not a philosophy but a mode of . . . action." Of course one may so regard it, but only if one does not mind confusing social history with religious experience. At least modern psychology—whether psychoanalytic or psychometric or psychiatric—does not agree with Mr. Mathews. And psychology has made the only contribution of science to religion so far—but not here.

Lest I be unfair to Mr. Mathews, and also because it is relevant, I must admit that though in this book he contributed as little to science as his distinguished collaborators contributed to religion, in the course of his professional work as dean of the University of Chicago Divinity School he has done a good deal for scientific advance. Things being what they are, the enormously complex, endlessly sophisticated, and, in its earlier stages, obscured history of the Judaeo-Christian tradition is being investigated in theological schools and not in the departments of history of our universities, where it ought to be studied. In his own school there are men like Shirley Jackson Case and Gerald Birney Smith, whose researches are opening up new vistas in the history of human custom and prejudice. The work of such men, in the true spirit of research, is as important to truth as the work of Jacques Loeb or Banning. In their work Mr. Mathews has always encouraged them. In his own work he has always protected them against the Baptist Voodoo Men who consider the University of Chicago Divinity School as their own private medicine chest. These Voodoo Men are losing out; partly on account of this "method" used by Mr. Mathews. But it is not a scientific method.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

## Swan Song

*Death in Venice.* By Thomas Mann. Translated from the German by Kenneth Burke. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

*Jonah.* By Robert Nathan. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

THE three romantic stories which compose the new volume by the author of "Buddenbrooks" are controlled from beginning to end by an intensely self-conscious art, and the effect not only of every incident but, one may almost say, of every word is carefully calculated. The very title "Death in Venice" evokes immediately the gravely sensuous mood which pervades the book, and each story, dealing as it does with the physical or spiritual death of an artist in the midst of the failing splendors of his art, is a sort of death in Venice. That "pathetic fallacy" which consists in the tuning of every background to the mood of the characters and of making every incident a fitting symbol of the theme is employed to the uttermost extent; every event takes place under circumstances which make it the completest possible picture, so that if the hero of the first story dies in Venice the heroine of the second, collapsing amid the strains of "Tristan and Isolde," dies as one who is essentially a victim of love should die. Poetic fitness is, indeed, so constantly maintained as to suggest upon analysis that too great perfection which belongs to artifice; but if it is indeed that, then the artifice which produces it is of an unusually accomplished kind and every page is drenched with a certain sad yet profoundly sensuous color. Such a book, nearer in manner to, let us say, Schnitzler's "Casanova's Homecoming" than to most contemporary American or Continental novels, touches certain chords which are not ordinarily touched by fiction today, for it springs from a different impulse.

The book, say the publishers, represents the most modern phase of Mann's mood, and that mood, one observes, is far from being realistic or even objective; for the artist is obviously turned inward upon himself. Having reached the heights of a very considerable fame, he has lost the first self-forgetful enthusiasm of the man bent upon achievement and has been seized by those melancholy doubts which are so frequently the reward of an ambition achieved. He has been led to ponder upon the nature of the artist's temperament, to consider the weaknesses and limitations of the class to which he belongs, and the result has been to fill him with a melancholy which these stories, partaking at times of the quality of the prose poem, attempt to express. They may be somewhat artificial in form; nevertheless they express a genuine mood which is compounded of doubt, weariness, and disgust. The author of "Buddenbrooks" has come, so it would seem, to question the importance of the artist in the general scheme of things. He has come to see him not as the spokesman of the race but merely as a strange and perhaps unimportant sport definitely cut off from the lives and the interests of his fellows.

Each story deals with the essential abnormality of its central character. In the first a hard-working and self-controlled novelist succumbs to the merely sensuous beauty of a boy seen upon the sands of the Lido; in the second a consumptive pianist dies futilely while her lusty son by a bourgeois husband crows in his perambulator the triumph of thoughtless vitality; and in the last a writer, returned to his native town, takes stock of his life and calls it a failure because his artistic preoccupations have cut him off from all the normal joys of life and love which his duller companions have enjoyed to the full. All that can be urged against the artist has been said. It is the essential paradox of his temperament that he must deal with sensuous things unsensuously, and these things have their revenge. He must either, like the hero of the first story, succumb to them at last and decline into the refined voluptuary, or he must, like the hero of the last, realize that he has given up the possibility of life and love in order to understand them more completely. The Greeks, one may say, were following a sound intuition

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when they made Venus the mistress of Mars, not of Apollo; the latter could best understand and admire her, but it is Mars whom she prefers. The poet languishes and sings, but it is to less exquisite natures that Beauty turns when she is to bestow herself in the flesh. In evoking the mood suggested by such reflections Mann's stories are extremely successful, but one thing may be urged against them intellectually. For some reason he has chosen always to represent the artist in his moments of weakness, almost one may say to choose the *artiste manqué* as his subject, and to represent him as endowed more with that feminine aspect of genius called taste than with the exultant creativeness which is his compensation. What he implies is true of the nearly great; is it true of those who are actually so?

Mr. Robert Nathan's "Jonah" is an ironic fantasy upon the life of the Biblical hero. It gets its charm from a mingling of satire and sympathy in the treatment of Old Testament characters as seen through the eyes of a modern Jew who smiles at the tribal narrowness of their ideas while warming to their humanity. He has perhaps a little overdone the jaunty modernity of the language which he permits his characters, but it is, on the whole, an amusing book, illuminated with wit, and, in general, restrained by taste.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

## Lord Palmerston

*The Triumph of Lord Palmerston.* By B. Kingsley Martin. The Dial Press. $3.50.

THE title of Mr. Kingsley Martin's book gives no inkling of its real significance as a study of the part played by public opinion in bringing about war. How England within the year 1854 was carried over from a hatred and suspicion of France under the third Napoleon which bordered upon mania to a similar and more general passion against Russia which plunged her into the Crimean War, has remained one of the great mysteries of nineteenth-century history. Mr. Kingsley Martin in this masterly study of documents resets the episode so as to shed new light upon the relations between the parties responsible for what most English historians now confess to have been both a blunder and a crime. Though ample controversy has raged about the persons of Lord Stratford at Constantinople and the British Cabinet, divided even to the brink of war and, with one or two exceptions, earnest peacemakers, until war was said to be "inevitable," little study has been given to the factor of "public opinion," which was even at the time recognized as the force driving the Ministry down the precipice.

Mr. Kingsley Martin gives a partial explanation of this popular passion in his close study of the leading newspapers. But there was no sufficient causation apparent there. The weightiest newspaper, the *Times*, and until the late autumn several other influential members of the then not numerous press, set themselves to preach sense and pacific policy. Yet government and press alike are seen cowering before the gathering storm of war-feeling, which forced even Aberdeen and Gladstone to dismayed acquiescence. Who would have held it possible that we should dispatch our ships and men to fight for Turks against Russians with no intelligible or measurable British interest at stake outside a vague menace to India and the trade routes in the Mediterranean?

"It is a curious picture. In a palace on the Bosporus sat the Sultan, a fleshy and irascible debauchee, usually intoxicated and always lethargic, surrounded by a group of Mohammedan fanatics of whose plots to supplant him he was dimly aware and whose ability to rouse the fury of a priest-ridden mob kept him in abject terror and peevish submission. In England were public halls, crowded with respectable shopkeepers, evangelistic maiden ladies, and stolid artisans, enthusiastically proffering their lives and money in the service of this obese little tyrant in a fez whose name they could not pronounce and whose habits of life were as unknown to them as those of a prehistoric monster" (p. 187). Mr. Martin makes it evident that the public opinion of England was inflamed by an imaginary picture of a different and entirely false kind, in which a big, bloodthirsty, unscrupulous tyrant was bludgeoning to death an innocent, weak, and generous-minded victim. All the salient facts of the situation were unknown or ignored, including the final full acceptance by the Czar of the offered terms and Turkey's refusal of the concessions which her friends required of her. Mr. Martin shows how the naval engagement at Sinope in which Turkish provocation was followed by condign punishment served as the necessary "atrocity" to fire England to precipitate action. Thus were served up all the familiar trappings of a war for the liberties of Europe, for righteousness, justice, humanity, and all the ritual of "a holy war" in which ministers of all the churches vied in their encouragement.

That cowardly statesmen should plead coercion by public opinion ("the people would have war") is no matter of surprise, or that a patriotic solidarity of the press should supervene. But there still remains a mystery which Mr. Martin's researches fail to solve, viz.: how this false image of the situation got into the public mind. It appears to have gone ahead of any stimulation by press or politicians. Was it the product of a native instinct of pugnacity, finding for itself the requisite camouflage of necessity and justice? Or was there any public opinion of such general and compelling force as was represented? To answer these questions an inquiry is needed into the methods by which the great mass meetings and other demonstrations were organized and conducted. This field of inquiry is hardly touched. Mr. Martin's valuable historic treatise therefore leaves us uncertain how false images in the popular mind arise and how they may be prevented from arising.

J. A. HOBSON

## Aksakov

*Chronicles of a Russian Family.* By Serge Aksakov. Translated by M. C. Beverley, with an introduction by Prince Mirsky. (The Broadway Translations.) E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

*Aksakoff: A Russian Gentleman; Years of Childhood; A Russian Schoolboy.* Three volumes, translated from the Russian by J. D. Duff. (The World's Classics.) Oxford University Press. 80 cents each.

YOU must see Aksakov against the background of his manor house at Abramtzevo—a genial old country gentleman, a master fatherly toward the unkempt serfs who crowded the house, a father comradely with his four sons and their six sisters, a host radiating an indiscriminate hospitality and, like a burnished fender, glowing serenely while the talk flamed up about such topics as the nature of Eastern orthodoxy, the decadence of European civilization, the comparative virtues of English and Russian hunting dogs. He carried the same jovial atmosphere into the city with him, and his Moscow mansion, which was as roomy and comfortable as an old shoe, resembled a hostelry where grave youths, mostly of the Slavophil persuasion, came to air their views, where you could watch Gogol's birdlike profile as he read aloud his latest piece, and where young and old, irrespective of their notions or attainments, provided the swarming serfs with a *raison d'être* by tea-ing and dining interminably.

It is difficult to think of this patriarch as a man of letters. And yet his several passions, such as angling, hunting, cards, the theater, never eclipsed his devotion to the business of writing. Aksakov is to be numbered with the many authors who early develop the literary itch, but the extraordinary thing in his case was that, like DeMorgan, he celebrated his sixtieth birthday before he found himself as a writer. He began to scribble at the age of fourteen, but until the publication of

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his "Family Chronicle," half a century later, his authorship was a very feeble affair. He handled the rod and the gun with greater frequency and felicity than he handled the pen. Indeed, he had written a book on fishing and another on hunting with a rifle; these appeared in 1852, the year that witnessed the publication between covers of Turgenev's "Sportsman's Sketches." These two volumes of Aksakov's, while excellent after their kind, belong, with Izaak Walton's masterpiece, to the mere borderland of literature. "A Family Chronicle" at once ranked its author with the great figures among his compatriots—who were soon, however, to surpass him.

The book consists of two parts, A Family Chronicle proper and an appendix called Recollections. In Mr. Duff's English translation the work forms two separate volumes under the respective titles "A Russian Gentleman" and "A Russian Schoolboy." The Russian gentleman is Aksakov's paternal grandfather, the Russian schoolboy is himself. In a subsequent book of reminiscences he rounded out the story with an account of as much as he remembered of the first nine years of his life. It appears as "The Years of Childhood" in the World's Classics version. Part of this fragment of his placid and personal epic, which was to be his last word, the half-blind old man dictated, like another Milton, to a more filial amanuensis than the majestical Puritan poet was vouchsafed. The volume in the Broadway Translations is made up of the entire "Family Chronicle," three chapters from "The Years of Childhood," and an extract from the "Recollections."

The first book of Aksakov's memoirs succeeds in realizing the rough-hewn figure of an eighteenth-century country gentleman of the steppes in his chosen setting. Before long your sympathies are engaged by this fierce paterfamilias, with his berserker rages, his domestic tyranny, his severe rectitude, his pride of race befitting a man who could trace his ancestry back through thirty generations to the nephew of a Norse king. Here Aksakov also tells the story of his mother's courtship and marriage to his father and the first few years of their life together. The book concludes with the great moment when Stepan Mikhailovich, his grandfather, gets the news that the young couple have presented him with the ardently desired male scion who was to become the chronicler of his house. "Stepan Mikhailovich's first act was to cross himself. Then he jumped nimbly out of bed, hurried in his bare feet over to the old press, pulled out the familiar family tree, and seized a pen. From the circle which contained the name of Alexey he drew a perpendicular line at the end of which he made another circle and wrote within it: Sergey."

The major part of this old gentleman's days were spent in the newly opened lands east of the Volga, and the pioneer character of the life that went on there, no less than the virgin landscape, gives a refreshing tang to the pages. Nothing in the two remaining volumes has quite the rich but homely aroma that lends "A Family Chronicle" its quality. In these other books one also finds passages that recapture this peculiar charm, but for the most part the narrative moves indoors, into the nursery and the schoolroom, and the limited horizon of one who has not yet put away childish things shuts down upon the reader. The less personal record mixes Wahrheit and Dichtung. The reminiscences of childhood and boyhood are, on the other hand, chiefly valuable as faithful notations of minutely remembered experiences covering a period in the life of the individual of which few accurate accounts exist. This autobiography is a human document in the truest sense of the word. I especially recommend to the attention of students of psychology and psychiatry the portion of "A Russian Schoolboy" which details so carefully the history of the young Aksakov's neurosis. The trilogy, aside from its documentary significance, will be read for its pictures of places and people—drawn with the firmness and naivete of a woodcut—and even more for its palpable authenticity and wholesomeness. Yet Aksakov, accepting things as they are, naturally misses the depth and intensity of his juniors and betters, Dostoevski and Tolstoi. He lacks that spiritual impetus, whether ethical or aesthetic, which is the essential fire for want of which even first-rate writing becomes second-rate literature.

One is grateful to Mr. Duff for his competent rendering of the Russian text. Mr. Beverley's translation is unsatisfactory because of its pompous turgidity. One cannot escape the feeling that this version was Englished from a German translation rather than from the original, and the suspicion grows into something like certainty when, on page 225, one discovers the serf Yevseich singing "Eia popeia."

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

# The Social Process Undiscovered

*Social Discovery.* By Eduard C. Lindeman. Republic Publishing Company. $1.

AFTER plowing through this rather dull book very carefully one is moved to say that the social discovery one had hoped for is still unattained. The work is largely a synopsis of material which has been the common property of the social sciences for at least a decade, some of it much longer. It must be said that such a review of traditional methods—historical, analogical, and logical—may prove of value to the lay reader. There are, nevertheless, some obvious gaps in the discussion of statistics. While we agree that measures of averages, of deviations, and even of correlations are frequently misleading, it remains true that the recent work in correlations has proved of great service in sociology and economics. This contribution should in fairness have been mentioned.

Neither does the author present anything novel when he turns to psychology for assistance in uncovering the social process. Certain social scientists have long been doing this, and since Tarde and Bagehot the practice has been increasingly common. Moreover, the writer's strictures against the concepts of Ellwood, McDougall, Cooley, Wallas, and Dewey are hardly in point in view of the fact that his own list is a curious confusion of categories from individual psychology, social psychology, and sociology. He mixes the concepts of stimulus and response, habit and behavior, with those in social psychology of public opinion and with those in sociology of custom and mores. If this variety of terms is to be used, certain presuppositions must be laid down. It is better to follow the American anthropologists like Boas, Kroeber, Lowie, Wissler, and Goldenweiser and discuss the group as a unit in terms of culture traits and complexes than to confuse a variety of concepts together as Mr. Lindeman does.

There is a very good discussion of the use to be made of sociological descriptions derived from persons who participate in the group as members. The "participant" observer enables us to know and to feel much as do the adherents to the group. Some interesting concrete details concerning the cooperative marketing organizations of the South are also given. Their inception in economic crisis is well indicated, as well as the inevitable alterations in techniques and standpoints as new situations arise. For instance, a new type of leader was always required after the movement got under way. Adjustments to other economic groups, such as bankers, merchants, middlemen, and manufacturers, became increasingly imperative. These made for change in habits and attitudes. The need for "humanizing" the marketing expert employed by the cooperatives becomes here sufficiently evident.

Since Mr. Lindeman has taken his cue from psychology, he is convinced that the core of all socio-economic reforms must be in human personality. He believes that self-conscious organizations such as he investigated point the way for future study and consequent change. Throughout, moreover, the individual must remain the key to all alterations of the social order. Groups of whatever sort are merely the means to individual ends. We are to look forward to a community life wherein divergent interest-groups will permit individuals to find oppor-

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tunity for developing their personalities in well-rounded fashion.

Such has been the utopian dream of most reformers. But this pleasant state will hardly arise until we see some profound changes in human habits and attitudes, perhaps in human heredity. Whether one may reason from the highly selected experience cited by Mr. Lindeman to the whole gamut of interest-groups is very much in question. We cannot ignore the fact that around us are other social groupings more deep-rooted than the secondary ones here described: cliques, secret societies, religious groups, and political and economic feudalisms which are much more ancient in their social and personal setting than these recent consciously constructed organizations. The source of control of these primary groups runs very deep in us all: fears, desires for power and security, and community intimacy, and all sorts of personal attachments of a primitive kind. Whether we can bring these fundamental groupings to heel is the really great problem.

Social science is young and we hope in time that it will assist us in altering the primitive social forms to more satisfactory personal ends. Certainly the author disappoints one in ignoring these more fundamental social forces. He does not show how his consciously formulated groups relate to these older ones, nor does he expose any method of altering the latter.

So far as standpoint or method is concerned it cannot be said that this brochure adds much to social theory. The work of Giddings, Small, Cooley, and W. I. Thomas definitely underlies it. If, however, it aids the lay reader to take an interest in the social sciences it is worth while. Unfortunately, the labored style and a certain overbearing treatment of men and materials is likely to deter the intelligent lay reader from getting all the satisfaction that he might.

KIMBALL YOUNG

## The Book of Exodus

*Moses.* A play by Lawrence Langner. Boni and Liveright. $2.

MR. LANGNER'S Moses is not the law-giver of the Children of Israel; he is the embodiment of law. He has a passion for making laws, as Shaphan the sculptor has a passion for modeling statues. Like a play which materializes only when it is played, laws have value only when they are applied. Having found a people on whom to apply laws, Moses leaves the palace of Pharaoh to put himself at the head of the Jews and lead them to the Promised Land. He has no more love for them than he has for the Egyptians. He wants to mold the Jews according to his will, regardless of the nature of the material in hand; and when they are refractory, unable to bear the bruises from his iron hands, he is disgusted with them without understanding them.

His sister Miriam is the symbol of love. She follows Moses through the desert because she knows that he needs her for his comfort. She has neither faith nor belief in the result of his law-making passion. She loves her people, and loves them more and more as Moses ceases to do so. Every one of his failures proves to her that one could do much more with love than with law. Moses cannot and will not understand, for Miriam is the spiritual mother of Christ.

Aaron, Moses's brother, is a sample of pompous clericalism. As head of the priesthood he is much more concerned with the color of the cloth he is going to wear, and the cut of it, than with the dogma which was set down by Moses. He is a good deal of a fool and an actor in Mr. Langner's play. Shaphan is the creator. When Moses forbids the making of images he braves all danger and continues to work; and indeed he is content to return to slavery in Egypt for the privilege of continuing his work. Jethro, Moses's father-in-law, is the old, dried-up fanatic who would shed blood a hundred times in the name of a principle.

His symbols thus established, Mr. Langner sets to work to reconstruct and interpret the story of the Exodus—in itself one of the greatest ever written. Mr. Langner has been hampered by the very magnitude of it. Though the action of his play moves on with a relentless logic the dialogue does not always keep pace. A certain everydayness mars a good many scenes. Mr. Langner seems to be torn between the greatness of his theme and the smallness of his theater. But his conception is a great one, and his execution is worthy of more attention than it is likely to receive.

KONRAD BERCOVICI

## Books in Brief

*The Life and Times of Roderigo Borgia.* By Arnold H. Mathew. Brentano's. $4.50.

This is a curious illustration of the ways of publishers. According to a letter printed in the London *Times* Literary Supplement for December 18, 1924, the book was first published in England, undated, in 1912. In the same year Brentano's brought it out in this country, and as the number of pages was the same as in the present edition we assume that it is reissued without change. The present edition also is undated and, like the English, contains no indication that it is not a new book. Quite aside from the confusion that such a practice causes to librarians and other purchasers of books, there seems to us no very good reason why the volume should have been reprinted. But in any case the publication of Sabatini's "Life of Cesare Borgia"—which, oddly enough, was also first published in 1912 and has lately been reprinted in a revised edition—ought to have suggested a severe revision of the text. While Mr. Mathew reports the usual accumulation of charges against Pope Alexander VI and his son, Caesar Borgia, in a not wholly uncritical manner, he quotes his "authorities," Pastor, Gregorovius, Symonds, Gebhart, in the most casual fashion, usually without page references; and as for the original sources, many of which he appears to cite at second hand, he makes little or no effort to discriminate among them or to determine their relative credibility. The narrative is not always clear, and the proofreading leaves something to be desired. The spelling of Italian names, in particular, is highly eccentric: e.g., Gonzago, Galeazza, Guidobaldi, Brazzano (for Bracciano), Voltera, Tarento, and many more. Gianpaolo Baglioni becomes two persons and appears in a list of names as "Giampagnolo, Baglione." In a volume as innocent of revision as this it is perhaps needless to say that the index, of the first importance in such a book, is wholly inadequate.

*Letters from Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles.* Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

A sentence on the jacket states the case for this book in a nutshell: "Those who did not like 'Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children' will not like this book." Nearly all of these letters, which run from 1870 to 1918, were written to his sister, now "Darling Bamie" and now "Darling Bysie." Until he became President they almost invariably close with the phrase "Your Loving Brother Thee," or "Your Aff. Brother Thee"; but after he entered the White House they end, almost as invariably: "Ever Yours, Theodore Roosevelt." They contain little that was not known before; perhaps the most original utterance in them is the postscript of the first one: "I cannot think of anything more to say." The closest rival to this appears on page 74: "Tolstoi is a great writer."

*With Benefit of Clergy.* By Florence Hackett. Boni and Liveright. $2.

The story is that of an Irish peasant who, late in life, brings the disorganizing presence of a cheap and slovenly wife into the pastoral contentment of his unpretentious home. He does so with a heavy spirit of foreboding, and the unhappiness of his marriage more than justifies his premonitions. A child is born and when it dies, a few years later, the mother immediately deserts her husband for the intriguing shores of

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America and the solaces of another, more adventurous man. The book is written in a strangely minor key, in a mood midway between sadness and detachment and with an infinitely poised and simple restraint.

*Semi-Attached.* By Anne Parrish. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Evading the minister is an easy way of dodging matrimony, but the problems which beset two people living together might just as well be matrimonial as what they are. This theme—not particularly new, but always inviting attack from some new angle—forms the basis of a novel of flesh-and-blood human beings whose outlook on life has been acutely observed and dramatically projected. When a practically minded, thoughtless male of conventional training launches into an experimental union with a poetic, impractical girl, the stage is nicely set for complications. Arbitrary solutions are not in order, and Miss Parrish has wisely refrained from any.

*Romance and Jane Weston.* By Richard Pryce. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Girls who adhere to the rule of never speaking to a man to whom they have not been quite properly introduced are apt to be rather fortunate in their ultimate infraction. The accumulated force of many a repressed salutation is released all at once; the results are invariably romantic. Jane Weston is the newest of the long line of heroines to put an irreproachable heel through the conventions, and Mr. Pryce—tracing her subsequent career—treats her with gallant humor and just enough sharpness to prove that he is not entirely taken in. Life in the Welsh hills and in London furnishes the background of an entertaining study of feminine character.

*Joshua Barney: A Forgotten Hero of Blue Water.* By Ralph D. Paine. The Century Company. $4.

Here is a beautifully executed volume recounting the heroic exploits of a conventional sea-dog of the revolutionary period who, fortuitously made a captain at the age of fifteen, experienced God's plenty of hairbreadth adventures during the rest of his life. Having been informed that Barney is "like a hero of fiction," the reader is not excessively surprised to learn that he once kissed the "damask cheek of Marie Antoinette," nor, in fact, that he "always pleased the ladies." Angered, as only heroes of his type would be, by "the failure of Congress to give him a formal vote of thanks" for his services during the War of 1812, he becomes a pioneer settler and peacefully expires at Pittsburgh. Fortunately his life's story is unfolded with a minimum of comment; the naively vigorous style ought to capture the hearts of the many patriotic youths—of from ten to eighty years—who probably will read it.

*The Lowery Road.* By L. A. G. Strong. Boni and Liveright. $1.75.

Poems chiefly of Dartmoor—a change of scene from Mr. Strong's earlier "Dublin Days." This volume is not as delightful as that one, partly because it is longer, with more ambitious pieces mixed in. But at its best it is warm and sparkling, and if it is not a perfect transcript of Dartmoor it is something better, an expression of Mr. Strong's generous, beguiling nature.

*The Swallow-Book (Das Schwalbenbuch).* By Ernst Toller. English version by Ashley Dukes. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

While Toller was in prison for his part in the Bavarian revolution a pair of swallows nested in his cell. These are the passionate and very beautiful fragments of free verse with which he paid them tribute.

*Songs and Ballads, chiefly from Heine.* By Alexander Gray. Chicago: Hyman McGee Company. $2.

Heine in Scots verse, and not without effect at that.

# Drama

## Tenderness and Truth

THERE are many differences between the artistic traditions of France and America, but none is at the moment more significant than the difference in the attitude of the artist toward the life of the provincial and the peasant. That penetration which the authors of the Main Street school brought to the American literature of village life was a penetration born of hate alone; we have forgotten that love, the proverb notwithstanding, is not necessarily blind. In France, on the contrary, there is no department of literature more assiduously cultivated or more eagerly read than that which describes the manners and the customs of those half-forgotten corners lying spiritually a thousand miles from the metropolis, and which describes them truly not because their authors scorn so fiercely but because they love so tenderly. We are perhaps too close to our own age of innocence, too unsure of our new-found sophistication, to look with anything but the hatred of fear at the limitations which we have so lately transcended; but in that older and richer civilization men dare to admire simple things because they have no doubt that they themselves are complex, and they do not need to emphasize very strongly the defects of provincial manners because they can assume that these are taken for granted.

In the present state of our national culture no American dramatist would dare, for instance, to do what M. Charles Vildrac has done in his study of a village idealist, "Michel Auclair" (Provincetown Theater). No American dramatist would dare to insist so little upon his own superiority and to dwell so lovingly upon the virtues of simple folk. He could, on occasion, write a telling satire barbed with his scorn, and he could, if he happened to be naive enough, produce a romantically unconvincing idyl; but he has not reached that maturity which would enable him to possess at once both the clear-sighted vision of experience and the understanding of love. It is the peculiar distinction of such a writer as Vildrac to know his people well enough to have no illusions concerning them and yet, for all that, to feel about them as tenderly as though he suspected none of the things which his subtle irony implies.

I do not remember ever to have seen a more exquisitely wrought dramatic incident than that which constitutes the first act of "Michel Auclair" or so delicate an intermingling of perfect insight with perfect sympathy. It is obvious that each of the characters is in his own way touched with provincial absurdity, and obvious that none of them is more absurd than the enthusiastic young hero, who, dreaming of a marvelous bookshop in Saint Serge, is even now on the point of a departure for Paris, where he hopes to learn those secrets of the trade which will enable him to sell the masterpieces of literature to the self-satisfied inhabitants of his sleepy village. It is equally evident that he speaks of his journey to Paris as though, leading him to the ends of the earth, it would put between him and his fiancee all the unpassable deserts of Asia and Africa combined. He is, like the girl and her mother, as naive a person as one could well expect to find. But it is not in these limitations that the author is chiefly interested. With an irony so delicate that a considerable portion of his American audience obviously misses it he insinuates his knowledge of the defects of his characters; but essentially he sees them in the only way in which we can see anyone whom we expect emotionally to comprehend—namely, exactly as they see themselves. Thanks to the exquisite portraiture thus obtained, the characters come to seem (as they actually are) more rather than less pathetic because of their obvious limitations. Gradually the little idyl unfolds itself, the simple characters so relentlessly and yet so gently laid bare take hold of our imagination, and when finally the moment of parting arrives we are living and suffering with them. The young man grasps the basket which

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contains his lunch; the mother turns her head; he kisses his sweetheart goodby; and then, as he turns to go, the curtain falls. No incident could be simpler or, in some respects, more commonplace; but as it is described by Vildrac's magically veracious and magically tender imagination, nothing could be more effective.

Artistically this first act is the high point of the evening. As the play progresses the complications grow, and it ends in a little burst of optimism which is again suddenly transformed into an exalted pathos by the author's gently insinuated knowledge of the fragility of the hopes which he puts into the mouths of his personages. Except for this last moment, when the happiness of the characters becomes so infinitely touching because they are, unlike the spectators, completely unaware of its insecurity, there are no other passages which attain to a perfect blend of truth and sentiment. It and the first act are both superb.

Edgar Stehli as the hero deserves especial praise for a very skilful interpretation of his role. Helen Freeman and Walter Abel are both satisfactory, but neither is called upon to do anything so difficult as his subtle suggestion of things which the text implies but does not actually say.

Had I the space, the revival of the charming French pantomime, "Pierrot the Prodigal" (Forty-eighth Street Theater), would deserve extended comment. Suffice it, however, to say that the directing of Ottokar Bartik and the acting of Laurette Taylor and the rest of the cast succeeded admirably in the difficult task of making of a pantomime with music a genuine medium of artistic expression. "Sky High" (Shubert Theater) is one of those musical comedies which tend toward the burlesque show rather than the operetta. It is genuinely lively and amusing. "Puppets" (Selwyn Theater) is a romantic melodrama which does not quite get across.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH


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# International Relations Section

## Ireland for the Irish?

THE Government of the Irish Free State has proposed drastic action against all opposition. The following bill has passed two readings in the Dail and if it passes yet another will become law. Criticism has been sharp and there is still a possibility that the more drastic clauses will be amended. Æ, writing in the *Irish Statesman* (Dublin), questions the wisdom of this bill which "seems to endanger the free expression of political or economic opinion and to impose penalties even when there is no incitement to violence." It will be noted that the bill would make it illegal for an Irish Republican to plead his cause even in the United States, and would require a mother to inform upon her son. The text of this treason bill is as follows:

Be it enacted by the Oireachtas of Saorstat Eireann as follows:

1. (1) Every person who commits in Saorstat Eireann any of the following acts, that is to say:

(*a*) levies war against Saorstat Eireann, or

(*b*) assists, encourages, harbors, or comforts any state or person engaged in levying war against Saorstat Eireann, or

(*c*) conspires with any person (other than his or her wife or husband) or incites any person to levy war against Saorstat Eireann, or

(*d*) attempts or takes part or is concerned in an attempt to overthrow by force of arms or other violent means the Government of Saorstat Eireann as established by or under the constitution, or

(*e*) assists, encourages, harbors, or comforts any person engaged or taking part or concerned in any such attempt, or

(*f*) conspires with any person (other than his or her wife or husband) or incites any person to make or to take part or be concerned in any such attempt, shall be guilty of treason and shall be liable on conviction thereof to suffer death.

(2) Every person who, being a citizen of or ordinarily resident in Saorstat Eireann, commits outside Saorstat Eireann any of the acts mentioned in the foregoing subsection (other than levying war against Saorstat Eireann), shall be guilty of treason and shall be liable on conviction thereof to suffer death.

(3) Every person charged under this section with treason shall and may be indicted, arraigned, and tried in the same manner and according to the same course and order of trial in every respect and upon the like evidence as if such person stood charged with murder, and if such person is found guilty of treason he shall be convicted and sentenced in the same manner as if he had been found guilty of murder.

2. Every person who, knowing that any act the commission of which would by virtue of this act be treason is intended or proposed to be, or is being, or has been committed, does not forthwith disclose the same together with all particulars thereof known to him to a justice of the District Court, or an officer of the Dublin Metropolitan Police or the Gárda Síochána, or other person lawfully engaged on duties relating to the preservation of peace and order shall be guilty of the felony of misprision of treason and shall be liable on conviction thereof to suffer penal servitude for any term not exceeding ten years or imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding two years.

3. Every person who commits any of the following acts, that is to say:

(*a*) attempts or takes part or is concerned in an attempt by force of arms or other violent means to overawe or intimidate in any way either the Governor General or the Executive Council or any member thereof or any other minister duly appointed under and in accordance with the constitution, or the Oireachtas or either house thereof, or any lawful court or any judge of any such court with a view to influencing their or his actions, or

(*b*) assists, encourages, harbors, or protects any person engaged or taking part or concerned in any such attempt as aforesaid, or

(*c*) conspires with any person (other than his or her wife or husband) or incites any person to make or to take part or be concerned in any such attempt, or

(*d*) sets up or holds or purports to set up or hold any court of justice or court martial (not being a court or court martial duly established and maintained according to law) or assists or takes part in or is present at the proceedings of any such pretended court or court martial, or

(*e*) incites any member of a military or police force lawfully maintained by the Government of Saorstat Eireann to mutiny, or to desert from such force, or to refuse to obey orders given to him by a superior officer, or to absent himself from or to refuse, neglect, or omit to perform any of his duties, or to commit any other act in dereliction of his duty, or

(*f*) incites any person in the civil service (other than a police force) of the Government of Saorstat Eireann to refuse, neglect, or omit to perform his duty or to commit any other act in dereliction of his duty, shall be guilty of felony and on conviction thereof shall be liable to a fine not exceeding five hundred pounds or, at the discretion of the court, to suffer penal servitude for any term not exceeding twenty years of imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding two years or to both such fine and such penal servitude or imprisonment.

4. (1) Every person who commits any of the following acts, that is to say:

(*a*) falsely represents himself or holds himself out as being or styles himself as the president or the vice-president or a lawfully appointed minister or other officer of state of Saorstat Eireann, or

(*b*) acts or purports to act as, or styles himself or allows himself to be styled or addressed as, or represents himself to be, or holds himself out as being the president or vice-president, or a minister or other officer of a pretended government purporting to be established in Saorstat Eireann otherwise than under and by virtue of the constitution . . . shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction thereof shall be liable to a fine not exceeding five hundred pounds or, at the discretion of the court, to suffer penal servitude for any term not exceeding five years or imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding two years, or to both such fine and such penal servitude or imprisonment.

### Freedom of Speech

5. (1) Any person who commits any of the following acts shall be guilty of the misdemeanor of seditious libel, that is to say:

(*a*) declares or publishes by speech or writing that the constitution is not the lawful constitution of Saorstat Eireann, or

(*b*) declares or publishes by speech or writing that the executive council, or the president, or the vice-president, or a minister duly appointed under and in accordance with the constitution is not the lawful executive council, president, vice-president, or minister, as the case may be, of Saorstat Eireann, or

(*c*) declares or publishes by speech or writing that the Oireachtas is not the lawful legislature of Saorstat Eireann, or that the Oireachtas has not power to make valid laws for Saorstat Eireann, or

(*d*) declares or publishes by speech or writing that any lawfully established court duly functioning under and in accord-

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ance with the constitution is not a valid and lawful court, or

(*e*) utters or publishes any speech or writing with a seditious intention as defined by this section.

(2) Any person who agrees with any person (not being his or her wife or husband) to do any act for the furtherance of a seditious intention common to both such persons shall be guilty of the misdemeanor of seditious conspiracy.

(3) In this section the expression "seditious intention" means an intention to do any of the following things, that is to say:

(*a*) to bring into hatred or contempt or to excite disaffection against the constitution, or the Oireachtas or either house thereof, or any lawful court, or

(*b*) to incite any person to attempt to bring about or effect (otherwise than in accordance with law) the alteration of the constitution or of the law established by or under the constitution, or the repeal or alteration of any statute, or

(*c*) to raise, promote, or foment discontent or disaffection amongst the citizens of Saorstat Eireann or feelings of ill-will or hostility between different classes of such citizens, or

(*d*) to incite any person to commit any crime in breach of the peace.

(4) Any person who commits the misdemeanor of seditious libel or the misdemeanor of seditious conspiracy shall be liable on conviction thereof to a fine not exceeding five hundred pounds or, at the discretion of the court, to imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding two years or to both such fine and such imprisonment.

6. Every person who as elector, candidate, or member takes part in any election to or any proceedings of any assembly or body (other than the Oireachtas or either house thereof) which claims, purports, proposes, or attempts to take upon itself, or does take upon itself, or wilfully permits to be attributed to it all or any of the powers and functions of the Oireachtas or of either house thereof, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be liable on conviction thereof to a fine not exceeding five hundred pounds or, at the discretion of the court, to imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding two years or to both such fine and such imprisonment.

RIGHT OF ASSEMBLY

7. (1) It shall not be lawful for any meeting or assembly of more than twenty persons to be held or take place during or within one hour before or after any sitting of either house of the Oireachtas in any public place within one-quarter of a mile of the place at which such sitting of such house is held.

(2) Every person who convenes, holds, takes part in, or is present at any meeting or assembly held or taking place in contravention of this section, and also every person who prints, posts, publishes, or distributes any handbills, advertisements, or other notices convening or announcing the holding of any such meeting or assembly, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be liable on conviction thereof to a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds or, at the discretion of the court, to imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding twelve months or to both such fine and such imprisonment.

8. (1) Save as authorized by an Executive Minister under this section, and subject to the exceptions hereinafter mentioned, it shall not be lawful for any assembly of persons to practice or to train or drill themselves in or be trained or drilled in the use of arms or the performance of military exercises, evolutions, or maneuvers, nor for any persons to meet together or assemble for the purpose of so practicing or training or drilling or being trained or drilled. . . .

(3) If any person is present at or takes part in or gives instruction to or trains or drills an assembly of persons who without or otherwise than in accordance with an authorization granted by an Executive Minister under this section practice, or train or drill themselves in, or are trained or drilled in the use of arms or the performance of any military exercise, evolution, or maneuver, or who without or otherwise than in accordance


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with such authorization have assembled or met together for the purpose of so practicing or training or drilling, or being trained or drilled, such person shall be guilty of felony and on conviction thereof shall be liable to a fine not exceeding five hundred pounds or, at the discretion of the court, to suffer penal servitude for any term not exceeding seven years or imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding two years or both such fine and such penal servitude or imprisonment. . . .

(5) In any prosecution under this section the burden of proof that any act was authorized under this section shall lie on the person prosecuted.

9. (1) Every person who shall

(*a*) form, organize, promote, or maintain any secret society amongst or consisting of or including members of any military or police force lawfully maintained by the Government of Saorstat Eireann, or

(*b*) attempt to form, organize, promote, or maintain any such secret society, or

(*c*) take part, assist, or be concerned in any way in the formation, organization, promotion, management, or maintenance of any such society, or

(*d*) induce, solicit, or assist any member of a military or police force lawfully maintained by the Government of Saorstat Eireann to join any secret society whatsoever, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be liable on conviction thereof to suffer penal servitude for any term not exceeding five years or imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding two years.

(2) In this section the expression "secret society" means an association, society, or other body the members of which are required by the regulations thereof to take or enter into, or do in fact take or enter into, an oath or other engagement not to disclose the proceedings or some part of the proceedings of the association, society, or body.

10. (1) Every person who shall administer or cause to be administered or take part in, be present at, or consent to the administering or taking in any form or manner of any oath, declaration, or engagement purporting or intended to bind the person taking the same to do all or any of the following things, that is to say:

(*a*) to commit or to plan, contrive, promote, assist, or conceal the commission of any crime or any breach of the peace or any other unlawful act, or

(*b*) to join or become a member of or associated with any organization, association, or other body having for its object or one of its objects the commission of any crime, or breach of the peace, or other unlawful act, or

(*c*) to abstain from disclosing or giving information of the existence or formation, or proposed or intended formation, of any such organization, association, or other body as aforesaid, or from informing or giving evidence against any member of or person concerned in the formation of any such organization, association, or other body, or

(*d*) to obey the orders of any committee, council, or body of men not lawfully constituted or of any leader or commander or other person not having authority by law for that purpose, or

(*e*) to abstain from disclosing or giving information of the commission or intended or proposed commission of any crime, breach of the peace, or other unlawful act, or from informing or giving evidence against the person who committed such an act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be liable on conviction thereof to suffer imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding two years.

(2) Every person who shall take any such oath as is mentioned in the foregoing subsection shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and be liable on conviction thereof to suffer imprisonment with or without hard labor for any term not exceeding two years unless he shall show—

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(*b*) that within four days after the taking of such oath if not prevented by actual force or sickness, or where so prevented then within four days after the cesser of the hindrance caused by such force or sickness, he declared to a justice of the District Court or to an officer of the Dublin Metropolitan Police or the Gárda Síochána the fact of his having taken such oath and all the circumstances connected therewith and the names and descriptions of all persons concerned in the administering of such oath so far as such circumstances, names, and descriptions were known to him.

11. (1) Where a justice of the District Court is satisfied on the information on oath of an officer of the Dublin Metropolitan Police or the Gárda Síochána not below the rank of chief superintendent that there is reasonable ground for suspecting that there are treasonable or seditious documents in any specified building, land, premises, or other place, such justice may issue to such officer such search warrant as is mentioned in this section.

(2) A search warrant issued by a justice of the District Court under this section shall be expressed and shall operate to authorize a named officer of the Dublin Metropolitan Police or the Gárda Síochána not below the rank of superintendent, accompanied by such other members of the Dublin Metropolitan Police or the Gárda Síochána (as the case may require) as such officer shall think proper, at any time within forty-eight hours after the issue of the search warrants, and if needs be by force, to enter and search the specified building, land, premises, or other place aforesaid (which place shall be also specified in the warrant) for treasonable or seditious documents and to seize and remove all documents found on such premises which appear to such officer to be treasonable or seditious.

(3) The officer conducting the search of a place under such search warrant as aforesaid may demand the name and address of any person found in such place during such search and (without prejudice to any other power of arrest vested in him by law or by virtue of any lawful warrant) may arrest without warrant any such person who refuses to give his name or his address to such officer or gives a name or address which such officer knows or suspects to be false or misleading.

(4) In this section the expression "treasonable or seditious document" includes any document which relates, directly or indirectly, to the commission of any act which is by this act declared to be treason or to be a felony or a misdemeanor and any document which is a seditious libel.

12. This act may be cited as the Treasonable and Seditious Offenses Act, 1925.


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